

# IRENA, A TRAGEDY.

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LICENSED,

*October 13.  
1664.*

*Roger L'Estrange.*

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LONDON,

Printed by *Robert White* for *Octavian  
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in *St Pauls Church-yard* near the  
little North-door. 1664.

THE

TRAGEDY



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1801



## Drammatis Personæ.

**M** *Ahom*et the Second, surnam'd  
the Great, Emperour of the  
Turks.

*Carazias*, *Mahomet's* Lievtenant General  
in Europe:

*Mustapha* Bassa, who had bin educated  
and brought up with *Mahomet*.

*Zoganus*,  
*Caly* Bassa, } three other Bassa's.  
*Mahometes*, }

The *Aga* of the Ianizaries.

*Osman*,  
and } two Ianizaries.  
*Murat*, }

An Eunuch

A 3

*Iustianus*,

*Justinianus*, Generall to the late Greek Em-  
perour *Constantinus Palæologus*.

*Honorius*, Friend to *Justinianus*,

*Irena*,  
and } Two Ladies.

*Perinthia*, }  
Guards and Attendants.

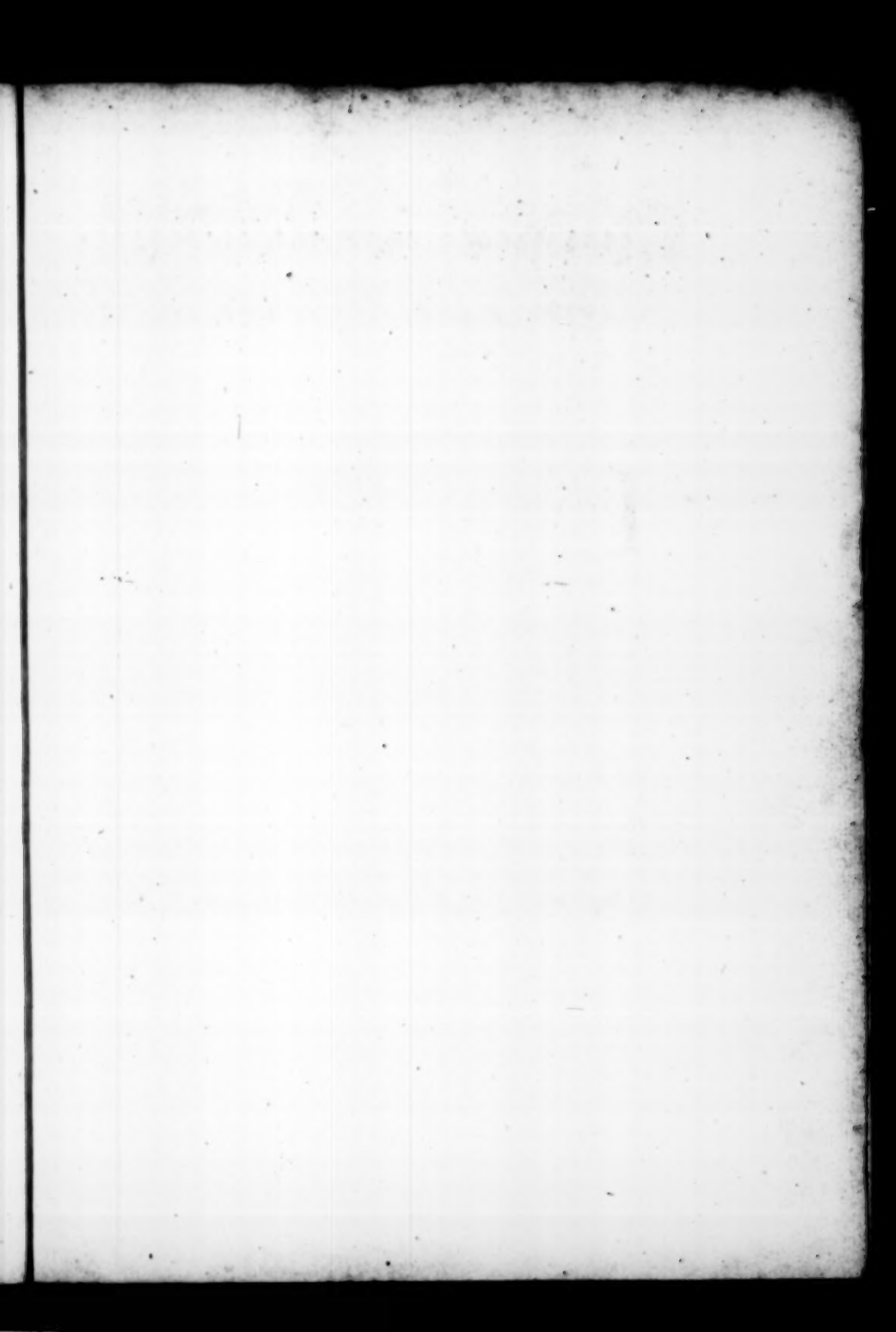
The Scene, *Constantinople*.


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The

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## The Prologue.

**I**F by your faces I can guess; to day,  
I fear but ill success attends our Play.  
Your looks me-thinks to me seems so severe,  
As if that none but Criticks now were here.  
And we've small hopes our Play should take; There sits  
So many here, that are, or would be, Wits.  
T're lately grown so critically wise,  
There's scarce a Play that's writ, but you despise.  
And to speak truth, Nothing almost can be  
From your dislike, or from your censure, free.  
Such Fate our Author fears; I heard him guess,  
And swear his Play would have the like success;  
But yet he says, He cares not; for he writ  
Not to gain praise, or to be call'd a wit:  
The motives which induc'd him for to write  
This Play, he say's, was most for your delight.  
He hopes for that, if for no other cause,  
(Though undeserv'd) you'll give him your Applause.  
And hopes you'll pardon all the faults you find,  
Since that to recreate you 'twas design'd.

IRENA,

## I R E N A,

A

## Tragedie.

## ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*Enter Osman, and Murat, two Janizaries.*

*Osman.* **H**A! my eyes deceive me, or that should be  
*Murat* my old Companion; 'tis he, I'll to him.

*Murat*, 'tis long since last I saw your face,  
 You're now most welcome to your friends embrace.  
 How is't old Comerade, methinks th'art thriven,  
 And art grown fat by the Wars, What news I pray  
 From th' Army?

*Murat.* Why little, And that I suppose you are  
 Not ignorant of; For th'art of the Emperours  
 Guards (as I take it), And you Courtiers seldom  
 Want Intelligence.

To relate to you what Battles we have fought,  
 What Towns, and Castles we have taken, and  
 What valliant actions our Great Bassa

*Carazias* (under whose command I was)  
 Perform'd against our Enemies, were but  
 To tell you what you know already.  
 But may not I take liberty, and make

B

The

The same demand to you, and ask what news  
 At Court, What Enterprize is next providing  
 For us ? Whither we shall have Wars with *Persia*, or no,  
 Or with some other Prince ? Or what Beauty  
 In all the Seraglio is now so happy,  
 As to please our Glorious Sultan ?

*Osman*. Our news at Court is such I shame to tell it,  
 Nor indeed durst I, but that 'tis now grown  
 Common, And not the Great-ones only, but  
 The Mean-ones too take liberty to talk  
 Their pleasure ; And though it be discretion  
 In us Courtiers, to be both deaf, and blind,  
 Neither to hear, nor see our Prince's faults,  
 Much less discover 'em ; But if we do,  
 Rather to praise 'em as Vertues, then to  
 Disparage 'em as Vices ; yet all men  
 So dislike our Sultans present actions,  
 That none that are true friends, and that desire  
 Increase, and Prosperity to our Empire,  
 Can hold their peace.

*Murat*. Thou strik'st me with amazement *Osman*, Nor  
 Can I believe, but that all the actions  
 Of our Sultan tends to the glory of  
 His Empire ; but thou know'st I have been absent  
 This twelve-month from the Court, and been in places  
 Where (by reason of their distance) we could  
 Have but small Intelligence. Our Basia  
 Being commanded to go and carry  
 War into the Enemies Country, lest they  
 Should have assisted the Grecian Emperour,  
 And so diverted, or hindred the intended  
 Enterprize, of our Great Emperour  
 On this Imperial City.

Therefore, good *Osman*, Pray, do you relate  
 What wonder's this concerns our Empire's fate.

*Osman*. Since you desire it, I will —  
 I think I shall not need to rehearse to  
 You all those remarkable accidents

Which

Which happen'd during the siege of this great  
City of *Constantinople*.

What assaults we gave to the besieged,  
With how much valour perform'd on our part,  
And with how much obstinacy, and resistance  
On theirs, and how that at last (after a  
Long, and tedious siege) we won the Town by  
An assault, And that which facilitated  
Our conquest (as afterwards we understood)  
Was, that *Justinianus* the Emperours  
Valiant General, having receiv'd some  
Wounds (in the defence of a breach we had  
Made i'the wall) through effusion of  
Blood was forc'd to retire ; which much  
Discouraged his men who (believing 'em  
Mortal, as indeed they were, for his body  
Was afterwards found amongst the dead)  
Immediately fled, and by their flight  
Left us not only possesst of the Breach,  
But of the City too.

And that the Emperour *Constantinus*  
*Paleologus* himself striving to escape  
Amongst the rest was trod to death.  
These things I say I need not insist upon  
They being sufficiently known. Fame  
Having related 'em to all the world,  
Nor do I think you ignorant of 'em.

*Murat*. No *Osman*, all this I know, having heard  
The same related by some persons that  
Resorted from your Army, to our Camp.  
But pray go on.

*Osman*. The City thus being taken, our men  
Had the plunder granted 'em as a reward  
For all those miseries they had indur'd  
Before it.  
One Souldier more ventrous then the rest entering boldly  
Into a stately Palace (wherewith this  
City abounds) found it by all deserted

Only (as afterwards himself related)  
 In an upper room he found some women.  
 And amongst the rest one extreamly fair,  
 And who by the costliness of her habit,  
 And the respect the others pay'd her, seem'd  
 To be their Mistris, who immediately  
 Upon the Souldiers approach (apprehending  
 Some violence) fell into a swoond.  
 The Souldier (not caring for the others)  
 Seiz'd on her as his Prisoner, and as  
 A prey beyond his expectation.  
 And carrying her to his Quarters, there  
 Recover'd her.  
 But finding her to be so fair a Creature  
 And far unfit to yield to his unruly,  
 And brutish appetite (incourag'd through  
 Hope of a great reward) presented her  
 To the Sultan: who at first, although  
 He was taken with her form, seem'd not much  
 To mind her, He being then imploy'd  
 About giving orders for the securing  
 Of the City; but committed her to  
 The charge of one of his chief Eunuchs.  
 But scarce had a month expir'd, and he  
 Taken some order, towards the settling,  
 And establishing in peace, and quietness  
 His new conquered Empire :  
 But he bethought himself of Beautious  
*Irena* (for so she's call'd) who's fair Image  
 Soly possesst his thoughts, and having sent  
 For her to his presence, found her not only  
 To exceed those past *Idea's* he had  
 Taken of her, when she was overcome  
 With fear, and grief, but even Imagination  
 Its self. And although she wore a sorrow  
 On her face that well exprest the trouble  
 Of her mind ;  
 Yet like as glorious *Phœbus*, when a mist

Oreclouds his beautious, and resplendent face,  
 His golden rayes, and beams does then appear,  
 Less bright, than in a Skie serene and clear.  
 So her fair eyes, and face, though now o'recast  
 With clouds of fear, and grief, yet those once past,  
 Her pristine beauty gain'd again might she,  
 Ador'd be for the Sea-born Deity,  
 And might contend for Beauties Empire then,  
 With that fair Queen, ador'd by Gods, and Men.  
 The *Sultan* at this second interview  
 Seem'd far more amaz'd, than at the first,  
 Admiring to see so many excellencies,  
 And perfections meet together in this  
 Fair creature, believing her rather to be  
 Some cœlestial Apparition,  
 Than a terrestrial Creature.  
 For certainly Nature ne're form'd a piece  
 More divinely rare. Having had his eyes  
 Fixt a long time on her fair visage,  
 He at last broke silence to this effect.  
 Madam (said he) pardon the rudeness of  
 A Prince, who being wholly taken up  
 With admiration of your divine  
 Perfections, has so far forgot himself,  
 As to continue so long silent, and  
 Without rendring to you those honours that  
 Are due to so Excellent a Person.  
 She reply'd, That she was altogether  
 Unworthy to receive such favours  
 From so great a Prince, and that since by her  
 Cruel Fate, and the chance of War, she was  
 Now become his slave, she was not so far  
 Ignorant of what either belong'd to  
 Her present condition, or misfortune,  
 But that she knew, how ill it did agree  
 With her present state, to admit of such  
 Complements from so great a Monarch.  
 And so after some other discourse had

Past



Past between 'em, the Emperour caus'd her  
 To be conducted to one of the most  
 Stately appartments in all the Palace.  
 And gave strict command that she should be  
 Respected as his *Sultaneß*, not his slave.  
 Since that time, he has made addressies of  
 Affection to her, but, as they say (who  
 Have leave to come near e'm) she continues  
 Yet chaste, and will not so much as indure  
 To hear of any thing that tends to her  
 Dishonour ; And that which is most strange,  
 Is the power she has o're the *Sultan*.  
 For by her beauty she does so charm up  
 All his Passions, that he dares not so much  
 As once think of attempting that by violence,  
 Which he cannot obtain by fair means, and  
 Submission.

Nay Love, that Tyrannical, and Imperious  
 Passion, so predominates, and tyrannizeth  
 O're his Reason, that he now seems to have  
 Buried in oblivion all his former  
 Desires of Empire, and of Glory ;  
 And seems now to fix his thoughts on nothing,  
 But on the fair *Irena's* Image.  
 All those former designs of War, and conquering  
 Empires, are now laid by; his chief design  
 Is now to please his Mistress.  
 The Souldiers, once the only objects of his  
 Delight, are now grown, the objects of his  
 Scorn.

And that Army once for discipline, and  
 Valour, the terrour, and admiration  
 Of the whole world, is now by Licentiousness,  
 And Liberty, Ease, and Rest, grown the scorn,  
 And derision of all Nations.  
 Nor is it easie to represent to you  
 How much the *Sultan's* present humour is  
 Repented and dislik'd of, not only



By the Bassa's, and other Superiour  
 Officers, but also by the Janizaries,  
 And other inferiour Souldiers too.  
 So that unless it please Heaven to cause  
 Some sudden alteration in our  
*sultan's* humour, 'tis to be fear'd they will  
 Break out into some rash, and sudden tumult.  
 And perhaps in their rage, and fury, act  
 Those things that they will afterwards themselves  
 Repent of. For they talk high already, and  
 Begin publickly to report that he  
 Is unworthy to govern 'em, and that  
 It would be well done to deprive him of  
 The Government, and to bestow on Prince  
*Bajazet* his Son, both his Empire, and  
 His Throne.

And 'tis to be more than fear'd, that these black  
 Clouds of discontent, are but the dismal  
 Portents of an ensuing storm.

And his condition is so much the more  
 Deplorable, since that he is not able  
 To discern his own danger; for Love so  
 Blinds his reason, that he cannot perceive  
 It himself. And there's none that dare be so bold,  
 And ventrous, as to declare it to him.  
 For whose 'ere should go about to attempt  
 It, would draw an inevitable ruine  
 On himself.

This, *Murat*, is our present wretched condition,  
 And if it please not Heaven speedily  
 To divert that threatning storm, that now hangs  
 O're our heads, we are like to be most miserable,  
 And act that against our selves, which the  
 United power of our Enemies could never do.  
 Thus then you see how Love conspires with fate,  
 Both for to ruine, and destroy our state.

*Murat*. I must confess, *Osman*, you story is  
 Strange, and full of wonder. For who could e're

Believe

Believe so strange an alteration  
 In our *Sultan's* warlike humour ;  
 And that Love should e're find room in a breast  
 Like his, that was prepossest so much before  
 With ambition, and desire of glory.  
 But by this we may see, That Princes too,  
 As well as persons of a lower rank,  
 Are subject to that Tyrannical Passion.  
 Nor can all the Divinity that we  
 Attribute to 'em, defend 'em from those  
 Frailties, which we by the weakness of our  
 Nature are subject to.  
 And though they are all other Pow'rs above,  
 Yet they are subject to the Pow'r of Love.

*Osman.* 'Tis a fatal truth that we now find.  
 Confirm'd by sad experience ; else who  
 Would have believ'd that our glorious *Sultan*,  
 On whose frown, or smile depended the fate  
 Of Nations, should thus tamely have yielded  
 Up his Liberty to a Womans eyes.  
 Or that his generous soul could ever have  
 Been thus subjected, and made Beauties slave.  
 But *Murat* let's go, the *Bassa's* appear,  
 This is no place for us, whilst they are here.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. I. SCEN. II.

*Enter Carazias, Caly Bassa, Mustapha, Zoganus, Mahometes  
 and the Aga of the Janezaries.*

*Caraz.* **T**He news you tell me seems to me so strange,  
 That, Generous Friends, I ask your pardon, if  
 That as yet I want Faith to credit it.

*Caly Bassa.* Nay, 'tis so strange to us, that had we not  
 Been present, and been eye-witnesses of our  
 Emperours weakness, we might have had

Just

Just cause to suspect, that it had been some  
Inchantment to delude our senses.

*Mahometes.* But now it is so evident made out,  
That there's no room at all more left for doubt.

*Zogan.* How I could curse those Destinies, and Powers  
That rule our Empires fate, When I consider  
How they suffer a Womans beauty thus  
To Ecclipse all our former glory.

For what a shame and dishonour 'tis to  
All our former glorious actions to see  
How those conquering Ensigns, which when display'd  
Hurl'd terror on the world, are now fur'd up  
And lay'd as Trophies at a Womans feet.  
What pitty 'tis, those Banners that did brave  
The world, should pay such homage to a slave!

*Aga.* Nay sure no mortal Beauty could ere have power  
Thus to bewitch our *Sultan's* senses,  
I rather believe 'tis some Infernal  
Spirit, conjur'd up ( by our Enemies )  
From Hells Lowest Regions, to take  
This pleasing form, and shape upon 'um, thus  
To delude our *Sultan*.

But since that he continues in such a  
Lethargy, And that 'tis Equally  
Impossible for us, or sense  
Of honour, to awake him,  
'Tis fit ( since that the safety of the State  
Requires it ) we should have recourse to other  
Means then those we have try'd already.  
Nor do I fear to say, that 'tis dishonourable  
For us to be govern'd by a Prince, that  
Cannot govern himself.

For how can he with Justice punish those  
Crimes in us, which he is guilty of himself.  
Let's then magnanimously go with one  
Accord, and assault the Palace, and there  
By force pull this fair Slave from out his arms,  
And offer her up a victim to our

Neglected honour.

That done, Let's deprive him of the government,  
And bestow the Empire on Prince *Bajazet*  
His Son. For after such actions perform'd  
As these we must ne're expect the *Sultan's*  
Pardon. The Prince will be easily induc'd  
To pardon us, when he considers that  
T'was we that plac'd him in the throne.  
But if he should deny it, Have not we  
Arms in our hands, to make our owns conditions.  
Nor is what I propound hard to be effected;  
For we shall find resistance from none,  
Except from some Persons whom the Emperours  
Presence may make valiant.  
The Janizaries, and Souldiers are already  
Highly incens'd. And the People (weary  
Of his government) desire nothing  
More than change.

Why then, Let us our severall int'rests joyn,  
Our's and the States, Let's all in one combine.  
The State can't suffer more than it indures,  
Desp'rate diseases must have desp'rate cures.

*Zoga*. Generous *Aga*, Your counsaill I approve  
As truly noble, and such as the present  
Necessity of affairs require.

And I dare ingage that there are none here  
Of such degenerate spirits, but that does  
Esteem, and approve it to be  
Worthy a Person, whom that no respect,  
Can cause his Countries safety to neglect.  
And for my self I am resolv'd to aid  
You, both with my Life, and fortune.  
And I will cause, disasters to prevent,  
The Euxine troops to second your intent.

*Caraz*. And I to yours, the Asian troops will joyn,  
To shew that your consent agrees with mine.

*Caly Bassa*. And I'll be ready; but appoint the hour,  
To serve you with my Interest, and pow'r.

*Maho*.

*Mabo.* Since that the Empires safety lyes at stake,  
I'll boldly follow in th' assault you make.

*Ag.* Then let's strait go, each to those several  
Troops committed to our charge, and prepare 'em  
This night t' assault the Palace.

Come let's away, and make all sure,  
The Janizaries I'll secure.

Great actions seldome but are crost,  
And by delay are alwayes lost.

Come Generous Friends, Come let's away——

*Musi.* Stay first, and hear what I can say——

What fury, nay what madness, Brave Companions,

Does now possess your brains? Do you consider

What you go about, or against whom you

Take up arms? Will you then turn Rebels to

That Prince, to whom you owe both your Lives and

Fortunes; And through whose fortune, and conduct

You have Victorious been in two and

Thirty Battails. And although I cannot

Excuse, or at least defend, his late

Effeminate actions, yet consider

That 'tis an excess of Love, and that that

Passion ever predominates, and usurps

It's power most, over noble and

Generous souls.

Besides he is our Emperour to whom

We have all sworn allegiance.

And, Pray let's take heed lest (by breaking of

Our oaths) we draw down heavens vengeance on

Our heads. For certainly if heaven punishes

Those perjuries, we commit towards common

And Inferiour Persons; Much more it will

Revenge, those we commit towards Princes.

Consider too, what a shame and reproach

It will be to all our former glory,

If that now at Last, after having conquer'd

Twelve Kingdoms, and two Empires, we should make

Use of our victorious Arms to dispossess

Our natural Prince of's Throne.

No, Generous Friends, Let's ne're leave such a stain  
Upon our memories; Let's rather try  
To perswade him to conquer his foolish  
Passion, And to leave this fair Greek, And again  
To lead us forth against our Enemies,  
To obtain new Victories, and Triumphs.

*Zoga. Mustapha*, I think it something strange  
This counsaill should proceed from you, who are  
So well acquainted with his fierce, and cruell  
Nature, And how Implacable he is  
To forgive those that offend him: For who  
Think you amongst us, is so weary of  
His own Life, As that he dares to declare  
To him, that which you propound?

*Must.* If that be all, since the Empires safety  
Does require it, I dare do it.

*Aga.* If you have a mind, to giye the Mutes  
Employment, you may.  
But if you vallow so little your own  
Life, yet give us leave to set a higher  
Price on ours, than to be rul'd by your  
Foolish counsaill.

*Caraz.* No *Mustapha*, ne're think with your dull Rhetorick  
To make us alter what we have decreed.

*Caly Bassa.* You may as soon force Nature to uncreate  
The world, And turn it into Chaos, as  
To divert us from our fixt resolution.

*Must.* Methinks 'tis strange that Loyalty should find  
No more a lodging in your breasts, sure she  
Has left the Earth, and with *Astrea*  
Is fled to heaven. Consider how in  
Nature 'tis preposterous for the members  
To conspire against the head, which if it  
But miscarries all the rest must perish——

*Aga.* Curse on this Dull Philosophie——  
Come let's away, the State requires our swords,  
Let's spend the time in action, not in words.

[*Exeunt omnes*  
*prater Mustapha,*  
*Actus*



## Actus I. Scena III.

*Mustapha solus.*

*Must.* What strange Fate attends on Princes actions?  
 Who would have thought this *Sultan*, lately ador'd  
 By these Perfidious Basla's as if he  
 Had been some Deity, ( and to whom they  
 Are beholding for all their present greatness )  
 Should so by one weak action, make 'em lose  
 The good opinion they had of him,  
 As that they now dare take up arms against him !  
 How miserable are those Princes, that  
 When they commit faults can find none that dares  
 Be so Loyall as to declare it to 'em  
 This their treacherous design, an if not  
 Speedily prevented, will be the Emperours  
 Ruine.  
 And since none dares be so bold, and faithfull,  
 As to declare to him his weakness, and  
 The danger he is in, I'll do it  
 My self.  
 The familiarity that has formerly  
 Been between us, as being educated,  
 And brought up together, and the favour  
 Wherewith he has since been pleas'd to honour  
 Me, makes me hope to be succesfull.  
 And though I know his nature ( when crost ) to  
 Be stern, and cruell, yet if I should miscarry  
 I shall have this honour entail'd upon  
 My memory, That I dyed a Sacrifice  
 To my Prince, and Countreys safety.  
 For, should I not declare it to him,  
 I might justly be suspected to have  
 Had a hand in their design.  
 " For he that knows of Treason, and conceals it,  
 " Is as much a Traytor as he that acts it.

"No, I resolve that I will that reveal,  
 "Which would be treachery for to conceal ;  
 "And what Perfidious men these Bassa's are  
 "I'll straitwayes to the Emperour declare.

Exit.

## Actus I. Scena IV.

*Enter Mahomet, and an Eunuch.*

*Maho.* Have you been with the fair *Irena*, and  
 Deliver'd to her the message I commanded ?

*Eun.* Your Majesties commands I have obey'd.

*Maho.* And how did she receive the fair Present  
 That I sent her?

*Eun.* She seem'd much pleas'd, and with an air mixt both  
 With modesty and sweetness commanded  
 Me to render your Majesty humble  
 Thanks.

*Maho.* 'Tis well, withdraw —

Exit Eun.

I cannot but admire at my strange fate,  
 When I consider how that now of late  
 I am become Love's Votary, and must be  
 Contented with that foolish Boy's decree.  
 For is't not strange, that I whose power does awe  
 The world, should thus from Love receive a Law ?  
 For who'd have thought, that e're a heart like mine,  
 It's Liberty to Beauty should resign ?  
 Or that my haughty courage ere should have  
 Pay'd such submission to a Beauteous slave ?  
 But yet Alas, when I my heart a prize  
 Yielded to fair *Irena's* beauteous Eyes,  
 I did become her slave, and straitwayes wore  
 Those chains, and fetters, she did wear before.  
 Yet I Esteem't more glorious for to be  
 Her slave, than to possess my Monarchie.  
 For what avails it me that I possess  
 So vast an Empire, for can that makes less  
 The sense of my misfortunes ; since no part

Tha



That I can claim in fair *Irena's* heart.  
 And since the fair *Irena* proves unkind,  
 Can that give ease to my afflicted mind?  
 No, I with all my Greatness ne're could move  
 Either, as yet, her Pity, or her Love.  
 Nor dare I venture that by force to take,  
 Which to surrender yet I cannot make.  
 For strait those radiant beams shot from her Eyes  
 Makes me to quit my bold design, and tyes  
 Up all my Passions; And strait she unarms  
 Me of my fury, by her powerfull charms.  
 But yet I'll try if from her I can gain,  
 Ought that may ease, or mitigate my pain.  
 To which if she consent, then she shall be  
 Both Mistress of my Empire, and of Me.

*Exit.*


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## ACT. II. SCEN. I.

*Enter Justinianus solus.*

*Just.* **W**hen I consider to what various  
 Accidents, and disasters mans Life is  
 Subject to, I cannot but admire what  
 Strange Vicissitudes there are in fate.  
 And wonder more how they are brought about,  
 The less I can their hidden cause find out.  
 For who'd have thought, That I, a Person  
 Lately so happy, that I thought my self  
 Above the reach of Fortune, And durst have  
 Defied the malice of that Inconstant  
 Goddess, Thinking it beyond her power  
 To make me miserable; Find my self  
 Now so wretched, that 'tis my greatest  
 Torment to think I have been happy.  
 Lately I was possesst of all I could  
 Desire, High in my Prince's favour,

*Belov'd*

Belov'd of by the People :  
 But that, which I esteem'd above the rest,  
 I held a place in fair *Irena's* brest.  
 For I with Justice there could claim a part,  
 Since I had then some int'rest in her heart.  
 But now at once I am depriv'd of all  
 my past felicity.  
 My Prince slain by those Barbarians that  
 Now possess the Empire, The people enslaved,  
 And ( that which grieves me most ) the fair *Irena*  
 Is become the *Sultan's* Mistress, And though  
 I have been curious to make inquiry  
 How he uses her, And cannot hear but  
 That, as yet, he treats her nobly, with that  
 Respect, which both her birth, and beauty claims :  
 Yet I have reason to suspect that 'tis  
 Not his Generosity, but his Lust  
 Exacts this treatment from him.  
 And though it were Impious to mistrust  
 Her vertue, yet who knows whether this  
 Barbarian, when he has vainly try'd  
 All fair means, will not have recourse to foul.  
 And ravish that from her by force, which he  
 Cannot obtain by Love —  
 Ah how that fatall thought stirs up my fainting  
 Courage, and makes me resolve to act, what  
 I have too long defer'd —  
 This Barbarous Rivall he must die,  
 I'll sacrifice him to my Just revenge,  
 And though environ'd with millions of his guards  
 Yet I will force a passage to his heart —  
 " He that despiseth his own Life, is alwayes  
 Master of an others —

*Enter Honorius, and spies Justinianus.*

*Hon.* Just Heaven! I't not an apparition  
 That deludes my senses, or can that be  
*Justinianus!*

*Just.*

*Just.* Ha, am I awake? or do I dream? *[Just. espies Hon.*  
Can that be *Honorius*?

*Hon.* Ne're doubt if that you are *Justinianus*,  
But that I am *Honorius*.

*Just.* Let me embrace my generous Friend — *Embraces him.*  
'Tis yet some comfort to me amidst all  
My misfortunes, that Heaven grants me the  
Happiness, again to see you.

*Hon.* Noble *Justinianus*, my Joy is  
So great, and so excessive, to see you  
Alive, and safe, That I want Expressions  
To utter it. And it makes me think that  
Heaven has yet in store, some unexpected  
Blessing for us, since after those many,  
And confident reports of your death, I  
Now find you living.  
But, pray do me the favour as to relate  
To me, by what strange fate you were preserv'd  
From the ruins of that fatal day, in  
Which we lost both our Prince, and Empire;  
And in which it was reported that  
You were slaine.

*Just.* 'Twas by a fate as strange, as unexpected.  
But I desire your Pardon, if that first  
I make inquiry, what information  
You can give me concerning fair *Irena*:  
For although I hear the *Sultan* treats her  
Nobly, yet I cannot learn it but from  
Persons, that are wholly at his devotion.

*Hon.* All that I can hear, either concerning  
Your fair Mistress, or my own, Is that they  
Are both in the Palace, and that  
My *Perinthia* is bestow'd of by  
The *Sultan*, to wait on your *Irena*.

*Just.* What is fair *Perinthia* your beautiful  
Mistress then in the Palace too, and  
With *Irena*?

*Hon.* Yes, so I hear, For by an Eunuch (whom

D

I have

I have corrupted) I am inform'd that  
 She was this morning sent by the *Sultan*  
 As a Present to fair *Irena*. He  
 Further tells me that *Irena* uses  
 Often to walk in the Palace Garden.  
 And say's, he thinks she may walk there  
 This Evening, and take *Perinthia*  
 With her, which if she does the Eunuch ha's  
 Promis'd to bring me word, and shew me  
 A way, that undiscover'd I may enter  
 In the Garden.

*Just.* Dear Friend, do me the favour as to take  
 Me along with you.

*Hon.* I shall esteem my self most happy to  
 Enjoy your company, and fear no danger  
 Being so accompanied.

*Just.* Bnt shall we not find out some way ; and means  
 To free these Ladies from this Tyrants power ?  
 Just now, I had design'd to go and kill  
 The *Sultan*, in the midst of all his guards ;  
 And either to have free'd *Irena*, or  
 Have perish'd in th' attempt.

*Hon.* What force had you to doe't ?

*Just.* None but my self.  
 Dispair, and the fear that he might offer  
 To her some violence, made me take that  
 Resolution.

*Hon.* Then *Justinianus*, Let me take leave  
 To tell you, that your design relish'd more  
 Of Fury and Dispair, then of true Valour,  
 And discretion. For suppose you had kill'd  
 The *Sultan*, yet of necessitie, you  
 Must have perish'd.

And then you had left the fair *Irena*  
 Behind, amidst a thousand dangers.  
 For who knows an if that you had slaine the  
*Sultan*, to what danger you had expos'd her.  
 For let me tell you, 'Tis only his power.

That

That does protect her.  
 For the Basha's and Souldiers, mad and incens'd  
 To see the Emperour thus to abandon  
 All his designs of enlarging of the  
 Empire, and to see him thus passionately  
 Dote on fair *Irena*, Talk that 'tis fit  
 He should be dispossest of the government,  
 And Throne, and that she should be offer'd up  
 A sacrifice to appease their fury.  
 But I have found out a way (less dangerous,  
 And more probable than yours) to free both  
*Irena* and *Perinthia* from such danger.

*Just.* Pray, make me so happy as to acquaint  
 Me with it, and withall inform me how  
 You escap'd when the City was taken.

*Hon.* I will You know, that fatal day in which  
 The City was lost, I was (by you as  
 Being General) commanded to defend  
 That quarter of the City assign'd by  
 The *Sultan* for *Zoganus* to assault,  
 And which was distant far from yours.  
 Having long time defended it against  
 Their furious assault, and (if modesty  
 Permit me to say so) with success, For  
 Twice had they gain'd the top, And fixt their  
 Crescents on the wall, and twice were they beaten off.  
 In this condition were Affairs, when word  
 Was brought me, that you by reason of some  
 Wounds you had receiv'd were forc'd to retire,  
 And that in your absence, the *Turks* had forc'd  
 Your men to quit the breach, that you defended,  
 And were entering in the City. This news  
 So allarm'd me, that strait I drew off some  
 Of my chiefest men (though leaving behind  
 Me a number able to defend the  
 Wall against the Enemy) And marcht towards  
 The breach, with an intent to have regain'd  
 What we had lost.

But alas, I quickly found how impossible  
 It was to perform that Resolution,  
 For I found that the *Turks* were already  
 Enter'd in such numbers in the City,  
 That 'twas impossible to expel 'em,  
 Which made me change my first design, and  
 Resolve to go and defend *Perinthia*  
 From their violence and fury.  
 But I found such a Panick fear possess  
 My men, and such a throng both of Souldiers,  
 And of People that fled, and the *Turks* so  
 Fast pursuing e'm, that 'twas impossible  
 To perform what I had intended.  
 Grief, and despair to see that all was lost,  
 Made me so careless of my self, that I  
 Having rallied together some few of  
 My Friends, I charg'd a whole body of the  
 Enemies, and despair made us fight so  
 Valiantly, that we put 'em to the rout.  
 But in that action I receiv'd so many  
 Wounds, that I fell down for dead:  
 And all my friends could do, was, to make a  
 Fair retreat, and carry off my body.  
 One of them propounded to carry me  
 To a house, of his situated in a  
 Wood, some three Leagues distant from the City,  
 So conceal'd both by Art, and Nature, that  
 The *Turks* in all the time that they had lain  
 Before the City, could never find it out.  
 Thither having carried me, they search'd  
 My wounds, and found that though they would require  
 Long time for cure, yet they were not mortal.  
 'Twas there alas, I heard that sad and fatal  
 News, how that the Emperour had bin trod  
 To death i'the crowd, and that you were slain'd.  
 And though during the time my wounds retain'd  
 Me there, I frequently sent to see, if  
 I could learn any thing concerning fair

*Perin.*



*Perinthia*, what was become of her.

Yet I could never hear any thing that  
Could assure me whether she were dead, or  
Living.

Which made so deep an impression on my mind  
And caus'd in me such a melancholly

That it much retarded the healing of  
My wounds, But being at last recover'd,

I resolv'd to go to the City my self,  
And try if Fortune would favour me more

Than she had done my messengers.

But 'twas so long before that I could hear

Any thing concerning *Perinthia*,

That I began to despair of ere hearing  
Of her.

Till at last 'twas my happy fate, the other  
Day, by bribing of an Eunuch that belongs

To the Emperour's *Seraglio*, to

Hear *Perinthia* was there, and that

She had been taken prisoner when the

City was taken, and by reason of

Her beauty, presented to the *Sultan*,

Who is so taken with fair *Irena's*

Perfections, that he neglects all others.

You may imagine how I was overjoy'd

To hear this news, that she was alive, and

Safe, whom I had almost given over

Either for dead, or lost. But yet it was

Some mitigation to my joy, to hear

She was in the *Seraglio*; out of

Which I knowing it was impossible

By fair means to get her, resolv'd to do 't

By force, and to deliver both *Irena*,

And *Perinthia* from the *Sultan's* power.

And having declar'd my design to my

Friends; I found 'em all ready to serve me

Both with their lives and fortunes.

And this night we have design'd to assault

The Palace, and, having freed *Irena*,  
 And *Perinthia*, to make an escape  
 Into the Dominions of some Christian  
 Prince, and there ( lest we might engage that State  
 In war) conceal both our names and persons.  
 This is the way I told you of, that I  
 Had found out to free our Mistresses from  
 Danger.

*Just.* I cannot but both approve, and applaud  
 Your design as truly generous; and  
 Must confess 'tis both less dangerous and more  
 Probable to take effect, than mine.  
 But pray, What number may our Friends amount  
 To?

*Hon.* Why, about some five hundred, All stout, and  
 Valiant persons, having bin formerly  
 Most Officers under you: And if you  
 Please but to command us, and lead us on,  
 I doubt not the success.

*Just.* No Generous Friend that were to be  
 Injurious to you, and to deprive  
 You of the glory of the Action.  
 And though your General once, yet your heroick  
 Resolution to free *Irena*, obliges  
 Me now to be your servant.

*Hon.* Noble *Justinianns*, you are oblig'd  
 By Honour to be our Chief. For 'tis not  
 Fit since you are alive, and safe, that any  
 Should have the glory to deliver fair  
*Irena*, but your self.

*Just.* If on that score my Honour be engag'd  
 Then yours *Honorius* is engag'd like mine;  
 Nor is it fit any should have the honour  
 To free the fair *Perinthia*, but your self.

*Hon.* Since then our honours are equally engag'd,  
 Let's equally participate in the  
 Glory. And since you'll not accept of the  
 Whole command, yet be pleas'd to be



My Partner.

*Just.* Since you will have it so, I'll not contest.

*Hon.* Now *Justinianus*, I must beg your Pardon, and leave you for some few minutes. For just now, when I had the happy fortune To find you, I was going to meet the Eunuch, who is to meet me, and to bring Me word, If that *Irena* and *Perinthia* Walk this Evening in the Palace Garden, But I fear I have trespass'd upon his Patience, and made him stay too long.

*Just.* Nay, let me not *Honorius* detain You, from a business that so much concerns Us both. But may not I go with you ?

*Hon.* I cannot tell if't be convenient, The Eunuch may perhaps be shie To declare any thing to any but my self, Till I've dispos'd him to it.

*Just.* You are i'th right ; But when, and where shall I meet you again ?

*Hon.* Meet me within this half hour without The Western gate. And in the mean time I'll dispose The Eunuch to grant you may go along with me.

*Just.* Well generous friend adieu, I will not fail to meet you.

*Exit. Hon.*

Fortune, be but propitious now, and kind, And Poets never more shall feign thee blind. But strait again they shall those Eyes restore Which they so boldly took from thee before.

*Exit. Just.*

Actus II.

## Act. II. Scen. II.

*Enter Irena and Perinthia.*

*Ire.* Dear *Perinthia*, I am so 'glad to see  
You, that, if my misfortunes can admit  
Of any Joy, 'tis to see you alive,  
And safe.

*Per.* And I *Irena* am so orejoy'd to  
See you, That though Joy has bin long absent,  
And a stranger to this breast, yet it now  
Claims possession here. . . . *Pointing at her breast.*

*Ire.* The *Sultan* could never have made to me  
A more acceptable Present, than when  
He bestow'd you on me.

*Per.* 'Twas a happiness that fate had reserv'd  
For me, in midst of all my misfortunes,  
Which are so many, and so various,  
That they surpass Expression——  
Nor is it possible that I should be  
Ever excell'd, I think in misery.  
For surely 'tis beyond the power of fate,  
Ere to make any so unfortunate.

*Ire.* Ah *Perinthia*, did I think it fit  
My griefs could of comparisons admit,  
The griefs which my oppress'd heart endures  
Not onely equals, but surpasses yours.

*Per.* Can grief *Irena* in your breast have part  
When you're possess'd of the great *Sultan's* heart.  
And he who does with fear the world surprize,  
Yields himself captive to your conqu'ring Eyes.

*Ire.* Alas *Perinthia*, 'tis against my mind,  
That I the *Sultan* thus my captive find.  
But did not you *Justinianus* know,  
And the respect that gallant man I owe,  
And what from me is to his merits due

*Per.* Yes, and th' affection too, he had for you.

*Ire.*

*Ire.* Unkind *Perinthia*, Can you then suspect  
That I should thus his memory neglect?

*Per.* 'Love when the Object's absent, soon decay's;  
But when once dead, seldom it lasts ten-dayes.

*Ire.* Which of my Actions did you ever see,  
Makes you suspect me of inconstancie?

No, no *Perinthia*, never think I can  
Admit of Love; But for that generous Man.  
And though he's dead, yet I will always strive  
To keep him here, within my heart alive.

*Per.* Your resolution Madam needs I must  
Confess, is no less gen'rous than 'tis Just.

Pardon me Dear *Irena*, 'Twas not that  
I suspected either your Vertue, or  
Your Constancy, that I thus put you to  
The trial, but only to be witness  
Of that my self, which fame so much repors  
To your advantage.

And pray *Irena*, since that we have time,  
And are alone, Do me the favour to  
Acquaint me how first you came into the  
*Sultan's* power, and how he has since us'd  
You: For although I've heard the same by fame related,  
Yet the reports things so variously  
That there's no credit to be given to  
Her relations.

And since we've bin long absent, Let's relate,  
What's yet unknown to us of either's fate.

*Ire.* Pray then do you begin.

*Per.* To comply with your desires, I will——  
Since that you knew the affection the Brave  
*Honorius* bore me, I need not to declare  
To you that that, is the sad cause of my  
Misfortunes; you know that I had commands  
By all my friends lai'd on me (as Persons  
Extreamly desirous to see our Families  
United) to use him with that civility,  
And respect, which both his Birth, and Virtue

E

Claim'd.

Claim'd.

*Ire.* You had bin unjust, an if you had  
Deny'd it.

*Per.* Alas, how needles were those Injunctions,  
*Honorius* merits spoke so highly for  
Him, that I must have bin ingrateful to  
Have refus'd him the first place in my affections.  
Nor was there any thing wanting to perfect  
Our happiness, but onely the celebration  
Of the Hymenæal rites, which were to be  
Perform'd within a few dayes:  
When malicious Fate envying our prosperity  
Sent the *Sultan* with an Army to besiege  
This City.

And *Honorius* thought he was oblig'd by  
Honour to deprive himself of that happiness  
(Which he said he should receive by my embraces)  
As long as his Country was in danger.

*Ire.* 'Twas a most Heroick resolution,  
And worthy of Himself.

*Per.* You know that during the siege he behav'd  
Himself so valiantly, that in that dismal day  
In which the *Sultan* won the City, He  
Had one of the most dangerous quarters  
Committed to his trust, Which he defended  
Bravely, till hearing of *Justinianus's*  
Misfortune, he attempted generously,  
(though unfortunately to himself) to  
Assist him. For in that action I was  
Told (by one that saw him fall) my Dear *Honorius*  
Perisht.

Alas *Irenal* 'tis impossible  
For me to express to you the grief which  
The loss of this brave Person caus'd in my  
Afflicted breast.

All those pangs and griefs that departing-souls endure,  
Are nothing in comparison of what  
I suffer'd, when first I heard this fatal

News,

News, It so stupify'd me that it made  
Me forget the sense and misery of  
My own condition.

For when the City was won, I was made  
Prisoner to an Officer, who fancying  
Something of Beauty in me, Presented  
Me to the *Sultan*, who strait commanded  
Me to the Seraglio; where I have  
Since remain'd, till yesterday the *Sultan*  
Coming there to make choise of some to wait  
On you; 'twas my happy fortune he judg'd  
Me worthy of that honour, and by an  
Eunuch sent me to you.

*Ire.* 'Twas a happiness transcended my expectations!

*Per.* Now *Irena*, am not I truly miserable?

For can fate inflict a greater punishment  
Than (by Death) to make an eternal divorce,  
And separation betwixt us, and the  
Object of our Love.

And now methinks that Life seems tedious  
To me, since I'm depriv'd of all that made  
Me love it.

And from my breast Joy is for ever fled,  
Since that my Dear *Honorius* now is dead.

*Ire. Perinthia*, 'tis sad what you relate,  
I pitie and compassionate your fate.  
For now I find by cruel fate's Decree  
That our misfortunes in some sort agree.

*Per.* You see *Irena*, I've perform'd my part,  
Let me now know what 'tis afflicts your heart.  
For when we know what is each others grief,  
Perhaps we may each other give relief.

*Ire.* Although that relation will but renew  
My griefs, yet 'tis but Justice I should keep  
My promise. —

You know, *Perinthia*, that my Father, Prince  
*Theodosius*, finding that it had not  
Pleas'd Heaven to bless him with any male-

Issue, but that all the hopes of our now  
 Almost-extinct Family surviv'd in me,  
 Made it his chiefest care to see me match'd  
 Into some Noble Family, and to  
 Some Person that in his judgment might not  
 Be unworthy of me.

And having with a careful eye survey'd  
 Those Persons whom either Birth, or Merits  
 Might make pretenders to me, found none,  
 So worthy to enjoy that Title as  
*Justinianus*, A Person whose vertues,  
 And merits were as eminent, as his  
 Birth was illustrious, being neerly ally'd  
 In several respects to the Imperial  
 Family; And who for some Victories lately  
 Obtain'd against the Empires Enemies,  
 Was, at the age of four and twenty years,  
 Made Generalissimo by the Emperour,  
 And highly in his favour.

*Perin.* 'Twas but what was due to his deserts.

*Ire.* On this brave person my Father resolv'd  
 To bestow me; the rather too, because  
 He had heard, that he had long secretly  
 Affected me.

It is not easie to represent to  
 You how I was overjoy'd, when I found  
 My Father's judgment, agree with my choice.  
 For I had long before yielded up my heart  
 To *Justinianus*'s high merits.

*Per.* Or else you had bin ungrateful.

*Ire.* Nothing now was wanting, but the Nuptial  
 Ceremonies to compleat our felicitie.  
 When perverse Fate (as a Prologue to my  
 Future miseries) took away my Father:  
 Who before he died made the Emperour  
 My Guardian, and with his last breath commanded  
 Me ne're to marry any, but  
*Justinianus*.



The Emperour (after he had allow'd  
 Me to dry up those tears which Nature  
 Did require for the loss of so near a  
 Relation) mindful of the promise which  
 He had made my dying Father, resolv'd  
 To celebrate the marriage;  
 When Fate again, resolv'd to cross  
 Our happiness, seiz'd *Justinianus*  
 With a violent disease, and during  
 His sickness the Emperour was  
 So unfortunate, as to lose all those  
 Advantages which he had gain'd before.  
 And the *Sultan* pursuing his good fortune,  
 Came and besieg'd this City.

*Justinianus*, now at length recover'd,  
 Long time courageously defended the  
 City gainst their fury; till at last,  
 You know, the Enemy having made a  
 Breach in the wall, resolv'd to give a general  
 Assault. *Justinianus* long time defended  
 The breach bravely, till at length having receiv'd  
 Several wounds, he was forc'd to retire.  
 But hearing that th' Enemy in his absence  
 Had gain'd the breach, he again return'd, and  
 Having long fought valiantly, at length oppress'd  
 With numbers, was forc'd to fall a Sacrifice  
 To their revenge.

*Per.* Alas when I heard it, how did I deplore  
 The loss of that gallant Person!

*Ire.* Ah *Perinthia*, it surpasses my expression  
 To relate to you with what grief I receiv'd  
 This fatal news: Let it suffice to tell  
 You, that grief so seiz'd on all my senses  
 That I immediately fell into a swoond.  
 But O Heaven, how was I amaz'd, when  
 I came to my self, to see a Souldier  
 With his sword drawn enter into my Chamber!  
 Who approaching the Bed whereon I lay,

Took me up in his arms; which action, together  
With his fierce aspect, so frighted me, that  
I fell into a second swoond.

But imagine Dear *Perinthia*, with what  
Amazement I was strook, when returning  
Again to life, I found my self in a  
Strange place, and saw none neer me, but three! or  
Four rude Souldiers. But the grief that I conceiv'd  
For *Justinianus's* Death was so great,  
That I was insensible of my own danger.

*Fer.* Alas *Irena*, how I pity the  
Condition you were then in!

*Ire.* The Souldier at first (as I understood  
By their whispering) had a design t' attempt  
My Honour, but being ore'rul'd by his  
Companions perswasions (who guest me of  
Some quality) and the hopes of a reward,  
Resolv'd to present me to the *Sultan*.  
Next day (for 'twas then late) they resolv'd to  
Put their Design in execution; and carrying me  
With e'm, presented me to the *Sultan*,  
Who being then imploy'd in State-affairs,  
Sent me by an Eunuch to the *Seraglio*;  
Where I continu'd about a moneth, till  
One day sending for me to his presence,  
He pretended to find in me those perfections,  
Which I want, and something that pleas'd his fancy.  
And since protests that we have changed conditions,  
And that he is become my captive, and my slave.  
And uses me (to do him Justice) with  
All civility, and respect, In hopes  
To gain my affection. But *Justinianus's*  
Image, and the sense of what I ow his  
Memory, is so deeply imprinted in  
My heart, that 'tis impossible that I  
Should ere affect any other.  
For though he's Dead, yet he retains that part,  
Which Living, he had alway's in my heart.



*Per.* By what that you relate, alas I find,  
Fortune has bin to both alike unkind.

*Ire.* Our fates have such similitude, that we  
Are both ally'd by Love, and Destiny.

*Per.* In other ills we may hope for a cure,  
But here we must continually indure.

*Ire.* Yet let us patiently to Heaven submit,  
And let's resign to what the Fates think fit.  
'Tis our duty, Perhaps the Pow'rs above  
Will grant us ease by Death, though not by Love.

*Exeunt.*

Actus II. Scena III.

*Enter Osman, and Murat.*

*Osman.* *Murat*, I fear I shall a Prophet prove,  
And that that black Cloud, which has long hung ore  
Our heads, will now at last dissolve into  
A sudden Storm.

*Murat.* What in probabilitie can be else  
Expected, For we have receiv'd Orders  
From our Bassa to be ready this night  
To assault the Palace.

*Osman.* And we too, have receiv'd the like Orders  
from our Aga.

*Murat.* I could wish it were otherwise, and that  
Our *Sultan* could be reclaim'd by other means,  
Less violent.

*Osman.* I could wish so too; but there are few of  
Our opinion, for the Janizaries.  
And Souldiers are all so infenc'd with the  
*Sultans* late weaknesses, that it is an easie  
Matter for the Bassa's, to blow up those  
Sparks of discontent quickly into a flame,  
The more easly to obtain their own ambitious  
Ends.

*Murat* I pitie the Empire's sad condition;

*And*

And hope, Fate will yet prevent our ruine.

*Osman.* I, so do I too. But 'tis wisdom to  
Bear that patiently, which is not in our  
Power to prevent.

'Those hopes are vain, we to our selves create,  
When they resist, what is decreed by Fate.

*Exeunt.*

Act. III. Scen. I.

*Enter Mahomet and Irena.*

*Maho.* When, fair *Irena*, shall I pity find,  
Will you be alwayes cruelly inclin'd?  
Shall pity never in your breast have part,  
Will you then wound, and never cure my heart ?

*Ire.* Alas how you mistake, that is in me  
Vertue, which you it seems call Cruelty.  
And it is far beyond my pow'r I'm sure,  
To cure those wounds, which you say you endure.

*Maho.* 'Tis strange, that you whose radiant Eyes thus have  
The pow'r to kill, should want the pow'r to save.

*Ire.* What you attribute to my Eyes, is more  
Than ere I knew that they could do before.

*Maho.* You cannot sure, but needs must know their pow'r,  
When they enslave new hearts thus every hou'r.

*Ire.* An if they do, 'tis not by any Skill,  
Or Art I use; 'tis much against my will.

*Maho.* Nature alas in you has too much part,  
That you should be beholding unto Art.  
But shall not I your heart to pity move,  
Since 'tis impossible to gain your love?  
Shall I ner'e find that pity which I want?

*Ire.* Why do you ask that which I cannot grant.

*Maho.* Why, what is't that hinders you?

*Ire.* Honour.

*Maho.* Honour, why, that is but a vain, and  
Emptie word, And far too weak, If you consent

To

To hinder my felicity.

Divine *Irena*, do but you prove kind  
And I will take that scruple from your mind.  
I'll make you my *Sultana*, you shall be  
Both Mistress of the prostrate World, and Me.  
And in the Empire you shall have a part.  
Equal to that, which you have in my heart.

*Ire.* If such rewards you'll give then you may find,  
Objects more worthy, and perhaps more kind.

*Mabo.* No, there is none to whom such honor's due,  
Unless *Irena*, that it be to you.

Compar'd to you, all other Beauties seem,  
Objects not fit, nor worthy my esteem.

Fair *Irena*, do but ease me o' those  
Pains (which for your sake I endure) and I  
Will bestow my Throne upon you, and make  
You sole Empress o' the world.

*Ire.* I'm not ambitious, Sir.

*Mabo.* Ah Madam, Do but think who 'tis that asks  
Your pity. 'Tis he that doth command the world,  
And on whose frown or smile the world's fate depends,  
As his does now on yours.

Nor do I take any Joy in the spacious  
Empire I possess, and to see my self  
So great a Monarch, But onely that I  
May be the more worthy to enjoy the  
Title of fair *Irena's* servant.

*Ire.* Great Prince, it misbecomes my State to have  
Such Servants, and 'tis a Title too unworthy  
For you.

*Mabo.* 'Tis a Title Madam, that I'm more proud  
Of, than all my former Conquests.  
Divine *Irena*, do but consider  
How miserable I am like to be,  
If that you deny to compassionate my  
Sufferings. For since that first I receiv'd  
Your celestial Image i' my heart,  
Your divine perfections has made such an

Impression on my mind, that there's nothing  
 In the world, which in my esteem  
 I value equivalent to your own fair Self.  
 All what was formerly dear unto me,  
 As Empire, and desire of Glory, seems  
 Now things below my estimation.  
 All my ambitious desires tend now  
 To gain your Love. And, should you deny me  
 That happiness, 'you'd make me for ever  
 Miserable.

*Ire.* Alas, it lies not in my power : I hope  
 You'll be more wise than so to settle your  
 Affection, on such an unworthy Object.

*Mabo.* Ah *Irena*, wrong not your own Beauty so,  
 To say the Object is unworthy.  
 Nature when she form'd you, resolv'd to shew  
 Us her Master-piece, And bestow'd on you  
 All that she hath of Excellence, and all  
 That may be wish'd for in a Woman.  
 For all those perfections, which she has confus'dly,  
 And disorderly bestowed on others,  
 Meet all in you, as in their Center.  
 And in your fair Eyes, she has plac'd a vivacity,  
 And lustre that far excels all others.  
 And methinks the Sun, when in it's height of Glory,  
 Seems dull unto those brighter Beams shot from  
 Your beauteous Eyes.

*Ire.* I see, you're pleas'd to Complement,  
 There's no such brightness, nor lustre in my Eyes,  
 Nor am I Mistress o' those perfections,  
 Which you attribute to me.

*Mabo.* No, what I speak is real —  
 You're Mistress of so many perfections,  
 That they exceed my relation.  
 Nature's too blame, she form'd you with such Art,  
 In your fair breast, to place a cruel Heart.

*Enter*

*Enter an Eunuch.*

*Eun.* Without, Great Sir, the *Balla Mustapha* waits,  
And humbly craves that he may be admitted  
Into your sacred Presence;  
And say's, he has a Secret to reveal,  
Which from all others he must yet conceal.

*Mabo.* What should this mean ——— } *Aside.*  
Surely it must be o' some consequence,  
Else hee'd not be thus importunate.  
And he was ever faithful ——— }  
Tell him, that he should stay a little,  
And I'll come to him strait.

*Exit Eunuch.*

Madam, you see for some time I must leave  
You; But when I return again, I hope  
I shall find you in a better humour:  
And hope you'll then accept, when next we meet  
Of th' Empire, I now prostrate at your feet. *Exit Mahomet.*

*manet Irena.*

*Irena sola.*

*Ire.* The *Sultan* thinks, that Empire I admire,  
That I'm ambitious, and a Throne desire.  
But he shall find that those his hopes are vain,  
And that I can his profer'd Throne disdain.  
Empire's a charm too weak to work on me,  
When I'm resolv'd to keep my Loyaltie.  
Dear *Justinianus*, I yet too well know  
What 'tis that to your memorie I owe,  
Ere to give leave Ambition here should rest,  
And to admit a Monster in my breast, [*Pointing to*  
For your dear sake, I can with ease despise *her breast.*  
Those flatt'ring glories offer'd to my eyes.  
And though I must confess, Our sex is frail,  
And Greatness sometimes does with us prevail;  
Yet, I resolve, though I a woman bee,  
That I'll preserve my Loyalty to thee.  
And let this be an Argument to move  
Men to believe, Our Sex can constant prove.

## ACT. III. Scen. II.

*Enter Justinianus, and Honorius,**In the Palace Garden.*

*Hon.* So the Eunuch has perform'd his part, and  
We are I think, enter'd undiscover'd in  
The Garden.

*Just.* I wonder, *Irena* and *Perinthia* are not here.

*Hon.* 'Tis yet soon,  
This is the time, and this the place in which  
The Eunuch told us they would walk  
This Evening —

But stay, I hear some noise — *[Hears a noise.]*  
Perhaps they're coming, Let's retire behind *[They retire behind*  
These hedges, till we make further discov'ry. *some hedges.]*

*Enter Irena and Perinthia.*

*Per.* Did the *Sultan*, Madam, offer you his Throne,  
And were you so generous to refuse it.

*Ire.* Yes *Perinthia*, what could I do less?  
I was oblig'd both by Love and Honour  
To refuse it. For I resolve to keep  
A firm, and inviolable constancy  
To the memory of my dear *Justinianus*:  
Nor will I ere give cause for to mistrust  
But that I'll to his memory prove just.  
And though he's dead, yet his memory  
Keeps too strong possession i' my heart,  
That I should ere admit an other there.

*Just.* Fortune, for this I thank thee, I cannot *[He speaks this*  
Be truly miserable, if she continues *from behind*  
Constant. *the hedge.]*

*Per.*

*Per.* Dear *Irena*, I grow emulous  
 O' your Vertue.—  
 To refuse a Crown, when freely offer'd  
 Only to preserve a Punctilio  
 Of Love, and Constancy, to a Person  
 Who is dead (and consequently out of  
 A capacity, ere to give you thanks)  
 Is an action so Heroick, and so  
 Generous, that I believe your Vertue may  
 Find many admirers, but few imitators.

*Ire.* I hope that my example will be a means  
 To stir up others, on the like occasion,  
 To be my Imitators.  
 Would not you *Perinthia*, an if the  
*Sultan* should offer you, what he does me,  
 And on the like conditions, refuse it  
 To preserve your Loyaltie to  
 Your *Honorius*?

*Per.* Yes *Irena*, I would not only (like you)  
 Refuse, and reject with disdain, the Throne  
 The *Sultan* should offer me; But, like you,  
 Resolve ever to preserve my affection  
 Constant to my *Honorius*;

*Hon.* How happy am I i' this Ladies affection [He speaks this  
 I did ever believe her generous, aside, & from be-  
 But this transcends imagination: hind the hedge.

*Ire.* I see *Perinthia*, that Love, and Gratitude  
 Equally ballance our thoughts;  
 And that we have an equal sence, of what  
 We ow their memories.  
 What would I give, that now their generous souls,  
 Had knowledge o' th constant affection  
 We still bear 'em?

*Per.* An if that it be true that Souls  
 Departed from their bodies, have knowledge  
 Of what happens here below, I doubt not  
 But they know how constant we are to 'em.

*Ire.* Ah, that Heaven would but permit that their



Souls might now from their blest abodes.  
But come, and visit us; methinks 'twould be  
Some mitigation to our misfortunes.

*Per.* That would but disturb the rest, and tranquillity  
Their peaceful souls do now enjoy, and but  
Serve to affright us.

*Just.* Now *Honorius*, is our time, *[They come from behind the hedges, and present themselves to Ire. and Per.]*  
Let's discover our selves.

*Per.* But Heaven what is't I see — *[They spy them.]*

Am I awake — or do I dream —

Or am I in *Elizium*!

*Ire.* O ye Cœlestial Powers, sure you've heard  
My prayers, and sent their Ghosts to visit us.

What's ere thou art, that thus com'st to disturb us, *[To Just.]*

Th'ast taken such a pleasing form, and shape  
Upon thee, and so void of horror, that  
I cannot be affrighted.

*Just.* Madam, be not deceiv'd, we are no Ghosts,  
But Persons preserv'd by Heaven for your  
Deliverance.

We are really *Justinianus* and *Honorius*.

*Ire.* Ah, sure it cannot be —  
The blessing is too great, and too improbable  
To be real —  
I fear 'tis some Illusion.

*Just.* Madam, 'tis no Illusion; but real  
What you see, we were by Heaven preserv'd  
From those ruines, which you think overwhelm'd  
Us, and were not slain (as you imagine)  
When the City was taken.

*Per.* Can it then be that my *Honorius* lives?

*Hon.* Dear *Perinthia*, can it be that Fate  
Grants me again the happiness to see  
You, after so long a separation?

*Per.* Ah my *Honorius*, Heaven now rewards  
Me for all those griefs and miseries, which  
The report o' your death caus'd in  
My afflicted breast.

*Hon.*

*Hon.* And all those torments which your loss,  
And separation caus'd in me are now  
Forgotten, since now again I see you.

*Ire.* The Joy that I conceive is now so great  
That it transcends Expression——  
And it so fills my breast, 'tis past allay,  
I know not what to do, nor what to say.  
Joy so transports me, that it strikes me mute;  
No Language can with such a passion sute.  
Dear *Justinianus*, tell me by what strange  
Means, that you escap'd; I cannot conceive  
It to have bin less than miraculous.  
Come, Pray begin——  
I am impatient till that you relate,  
What there is yet of hidden i' your Fate.

*Just.* Madam, your commands (like Oracles) it  
Were impious to disobey.  
You know Madam, that unhappy day in  
Which the City was taken, I undertook  
To defend the Breach the Enemy had  
Made i' th wall:  
And that in its defence, having receiv'd  
Many wounds, and lost much blood, I was forc'd  
(More through my friends perswasions, than my own  
Inclination) to retire.  
But alas, I had soon cause to curse that  
Resolution!

For my men as long as I was with 'em  
Had defended the breach bravely, and out-done  
Belief: But as soon as I was gone (possess'd  
With a belief that my wounds were mortal)  
They turn'd their backs, and fled.  
I was quickly advertiz'd of this disaster.  
And too soon (though too late to prevent it)  
Saw the folly I had committed.  
Rage, and despair so possess'd me, that I  
Had scarce patience to stay till that my wounds  
Were bound up, But that I would return, to

See

See if things were in that desperate condition  
They were represented to me.

But alas, I found the danger greater  
Than I imagin'd. I found such swarms  
Of Turks enter'd in the Breach, that it was  
Impossible to save the Town.  
Having got together as many Souldiers,  
As the confusion, and disorder things  
Were then in, would permit me, and being  
Neer the Palace, I went directly thither;  
To know what was become of the Emperour;  
But there 'twas told me he was fled, but none  
Knew whither.

From thence Madam (Love being predominant  
O're all my other passions) I resolv'd  
To go, and defend you; But I found such  
A number of Turks in my way, that it  
Was not in my power to perform what  
I had resolv'd, and I quickly found that  
I was incompass'd on all sides, so that  
It was impossible to escape.

My men (to whom despair added new courage)  
Fought it out bravely, and fell most before  
My face, and at last weakned with wounds and  
Loss of blood, I was forc'd my self to fall.

*Pre.* Yes *Justinianus*, I heard you fell,  
But bravely, and like your self;  
But pray, proceed.

*Just.* Towards Evening the Turks fell to stripping  
The dead Bodies, And 'twas my happy fate  
To be stript by a Janizary, who  
(Being more charitable than generally  
Those kind of persons are) finding some symptoms  
Of life yet remaining in me, and guessing  
Me by my habits, to be of no inferiour  
Quality, resolv'd if possible to save  
My life; and carrying me to his quarters  
(He himself having some skill in Chirurgery)

Search'd my wounds, and finding that although  
They were deep, and many, yet none were mortal,  
He us'd means to bring me to my self, which  
He soon effected.

But how was I amaz'd, when returning  
To my Senses, I found my self in a bed,  
In a strange place, and my wounds bound up !  
I soon call'd to remembrance what was past,  
And the grief which I conceiv'd for the danger  
I apprehended you were in, and to  
See my self a Prisoner, made such a violent  
Impression on my mind, that (if I had  
Not bin hinder'd) I would have torn  
Up my wounds.

The Janizary, apprehending that  
My despair proceeded from the belief  
I had, that I had lost my Liberty,  
Told me, 'Twas true, by right of war I was  
His prisoner ; but promis'd me, that, as soon  
As I was cur'd, he would give me my liberty,  
And set me free ; which he accordingly  
Perform'd.

I was much pleas'd to find such humanity  
In a Barbarian. I ask'd him if  
He could tell me any-tidings of the  
Emperour, or of you Madam. He told  
Me, that as yet he could not tell any-thing  
Of the Emperour ; And for you, he said  
He did not know you, and was ignorant  
Who you were. But he promis'd me he would  
Make inquiry. Next day he went out, and when  
He return'd, he brought me word that the Emperor  
Was slain ; But said of you he could hear no  
News.

But ah, how did this fatal News afflict  
Me ! how did I curse my self for being  
The cause of these disasters, and for retiring  
From the Breach !

Grief so seiz'd on me, that it much hindred  
 The healing o' my wounds, and much prolong'd  
 My cure, which I think the Janizary  
 Had scarce ever effected, had not I  
 Heard that you had bin presented to the  
*sultan*, and that you were in the Palace, and were safe.  
 'Twas only the hope I had by some means or other,  
 To free you from the *sultans* power, made  
 Me submit to those means that were us'd for  
 My recovery.

I heard what a Passion he has for you,  
 And though your Vertue secur'd me, that I  
 Did not doubt a change i' your affections;  
 Yet I was affraid that he might use force,  
 And offer you some violence; which thoughts  
 Much distracted, and perplext my mind.  
 As soon as I was recover'd, I try'd  
 To give you notice I was living;  
 But I found that impossible, your Guards  
 Were too vigilant, and too faithful to be  
 Corrupted, and I could find none whom I  
 Durst trust.

I made diligent inquiry to see  
 If I could hear what was become of you  
 \* Brave Friend, \* and of you Madam: But could ne'r [*\*To Hon.*  
 Hear what was become of either of you. [*\*To Per.*  
 Till to day it was my happy fortune  
 To meet with *Honorius*, who told me,  
 Fair *Perinthia*, you were here.

*Per. Honorius* sure has good intelligence  
 To have notice of it so soon. For I  
 Was but this morning sent by the *Sultan*  
 To *Irena*.

*Hon.* 'Twas by an Eunuch Madam that waits on  
 You, that I was inform'd of it.

*Ire.* *Justinianus* before you proceed further,  
 Clear me of two Doubts which possess me.  
 And first pray tell me, how you, two, whose faces

Are

Are so well known i'this City, can walk  
About the streets undiscover'd?

*Just.* When we walk about the streets Madam, we  
Have disguises, which to that purpose we  
Always carry about us.  
Besides, our death has bin so confidently  
Reported, that none suspects us living.

*Ire.* You've clear'd me of the one, now clear me of  
The other; How could you conceal your self  
From the Janizary? did not he in  
All the time you were with him demand your  
Name?

*Just.* Yes he did often, and was very inquisitive  
To know who I was, But I alwayes conceal'd  
My true name and quality from him,  
And put him off with some feign'd story.

*Ire.* You've satisfy'd my curiositie,  
Pray go on.

*Just.* Ah Madam, 'tis beyond expression to  
Relate to you all those torments, which your  
Absence and separation caus'd i'my  
Troubled breast —

There was no Grief, no Passion to which I  
Was not subject to.

But now since I've again the happiness  
To enjoy your presence, all my griefs and  
Sufferings are buried in oblivion.

Like as the Sun (long absent) at last breaks  
Through a Cloud, and with its rayes both comforts  
And enlightens all the lower world;

And by its splendid Beams chases away  
Dark Clouds and Mists, and makes a glorious day:

So your fair Eyes whose radiant Beams excel  
The others brightness, quickly doth expel  
Those Clouds of Grief, and sadness which dwelt here, [*Pointing*  
But which now vanish, since that you appear. *to his*

*Ire.* *Justinianus*, I am glad to find *breast.*  
My Eyes has yet such influence o're your mind.



*Just.* In a heart Madam, that once yields its self  
 Their Captive, they always keep possession—  
 But I'll proceed—

Fortune, I think, now at last weary with  
 Tormenting me, resolves again to make  
 Me happy. For 'twas my good fortune  
 This day, by a happy, and unexpected Fate  
 To meet with my generous Friend *Honorius*,  
 (Whom I thought dead) who told me that he had  
 Contriv'd and design'd a brave and generous  
 Resolution, to restore you to your  
 Liberties, having to that end made  
 A Combination with all his Friends this  
 Night to assault the Palace; And  
 By force to free you from the *Sultan's* power.  
 And that he might give you notice of his  
 Design, he has corrupted an Eunuch  
 That attends you, who told us that you would  
 Walk here this Evening, and shew'd us a way  
 That we might enter undiscover'd  
 I' the Garden.

And hither we are come to know, if you'll  
 Be pleas'd to condescend to what, that we  
 Resolve to execute.

*Ire.* Yes *Justinianus*, you've my consent;  
 I think your design to be noble, and  
 Generous, and worthy the affection you  
 Always profess to bear us.  
 Nor do I think it can reflect upon  
 Our Honours, for us to trust our selves to  
 The conduct of Persons, whom all our Friends  
 Design'd to be our Husbands.  
 And I dare engage, *Perinthia's* thoughts  
 Agrees with mine.

*Per.* You may Madam; I repose such  
 A confidence in *Honorius's* virtue,  
 That I dare follow him throughout the world.

*Hon.* Madam, I hope I shall ne'r give you cause



By any of my Actions for to lose  
The good Opinion you have of me.

*Ire.* But *Justinianus*, Pray tell me, an if  
Your enterprize (as I hope it will) succeeds;  
Whither will you convey us? what retreat  
Have you chosen? For doubtless the *Sultan*  
Will cause diligent search to be made for  
Us.

*Just.* Madam, we have a Vessel in the Port  
That there waits for us, ready to convey  
Us into the Dominions of some Christian Prince.

*Hon.* And there, If you please to consent; we will  
Conceal both our Names and Persons, Lest we  
Might draw the *Sultan's* revenge upon that  
State.

*Ire.* I like your Counsel well,  
And think 'tis best we follow it.

*Hon. Justinianus*, 'Tis time that we withdraw.  
The time now draws neer that I appointed  
To meet my generous Friends.

*Just.* When you will, I'll wait on you——  
Madam, we have appointed to meet those  
Friends we have engag'd in our design, to  
Consult about the Action we are to  
Perform this night, and now the hour draws neer,  
So that we must be forc'd (though much against  
Our wills) to depart; But if you please to  
Do us the favour to meet us here within this  
Two hours, we'll wait on you again, and take some further  
Resolution, concerning our Escape.

*Ire.* Well, we'll not fail to meet you,  
'Tis best you now depart, for although these  
Walks be so secret, yet to stay here too long,  
Is unsafe, and there might be danger in't.

*Just.* Madam, we must now take our leaves,  
Within two hour's we'll not fail to  
Wait on you.

*Ire.* Nor we to meet you.

*Per.* My Dear *Honorius*, adieu.

*Hon.* Ah how rigid would this parting seem,  
Were I not in hopes quickly to return!

Adieu my dear *Perinthia*.

*Exeunt* Just. & *Hon.*

*Ire.* You see *Perinthia*, things have chang'd their face.  
'Tis good our ills with patience to embrace.  
The Fates are pleas'd you see, when we resign,  
And do submit to what that they design.

*Per.* 'Tis a reward sent from the Pow'rs above  
Because we were so constant in our Love.

*Ire.* Come, Let's go in, and pray those Pow'rs to bless  
Their Enterprize, And crown it with success.

*Exeunt.*

Act. III. Scen. III.

*Enter Aga.*

*Aga.* I fear this *Mustapha* will discover  
Our design, And then should it not succeed  
I am lost for ever —  
Who know's what influence the *Sultans* presence  
May have upon the Souldiers — ?  
The Guards told me they went this way, and alone;  
I'll follow, and endeavour to hear their discourse.

*Enter Mahomet, and Mustapha.*

*Maho.* What villains are these *Balsa's*, did you represent  
To 'em the hainousness o' their crime?

*Must.* Yes Great Sir, I did,  
And us'd all those Arguments which I thought  
Might be conducive to dissuade 'em from  
Their treacherous resolution.  
But alas, I found 'twas vain;  
Rebellion had taken too strong possession  
I' their breasts, and chac'd Loyalty from thence.

*Maho.* Does the cause of this their Conspiracy  
(Which seems so monstrous, and so Gyant-like)

Pro-

Proceed from th' affection I have for  
Fair *Irena* ? Is that the cause on't ?

*Must.* That is the pretence——

Traytors never want a pretence  
'To colour their Designs ;  
And that which encourages 'em to execute  
Their Treachery, Is that they know  
The Souldiers and People (alwayes severe  
Censurers of their Prince's actions) are  
Displeas'd and incens'd to see you lay by  
All thoughts o'f enlarging o'the Empire ;  
And thus passionately to affect the  
Fair and beauteous *Irena*, whom they  
Imagie to be the cause of that alteration  
They have lately observ'd i' your Heroick nature.  
And therefore threaten her destruction,  
And to sacrifice her to their revenge,  
And have resolv'd that she shall die——

*Maho.* Heaven ! what is't I hear, *Irena* die——  
Dare such base slaves threaten her precious life ?  
Was ever such a villany invented——  
But I'll provide tortures, and torments for 'em  
Black, and horrid as their crimes.

*Must.* Let not, great Prince, Passion over-rule  
Your reason. Consider if——

*Maho.* What should I consider——  
Should I let these villains assault my Palace,  
And by force ravish my Mistress from out  
My arms, And tamely suffer the affront ?  
No *Mustapha*, 'Patience were here  
No Vertue, but a Crime.  
They shall all die——  
Their Lives are too poor a sacrifice to  
Appease my anger, and to expiate  
Their offence.

*Must.* Great *Sultan*, do but Consider if it  
Is in your pow'r to act, what you design.  
The Souldiers and People are all at their

*Enter Aga and  
conceals him-  
self.*

De-

Devotion, and I suspect your Guards too :  
 For the *Aga* is the chief Fomenter,  
 And Agent in this Conspiracie.  
 'Tis he that is the wheel that gives motion  
 To all the rest.

*Aga*. I thought this villain would nominate me:  
 How bravely he sets me forth !

[*Aside*.

*Maho*. I have long suspected him for a knave.  
 The Office I have bestowed upon him  
 Has made him too proud, and too ambitious.  
 He I resolve shall die——

*Aga*. Shall I so——

But I'll prevent my ruine with your own.

[*Aside*.

*Maho*. But *Mustapha*, is't not strange that  
 These perfidious slaves dares be so audacious  
 As to censure any o' my Actions ;  
 And to accuse me of Vices they are  
 Themselves posses'd of.

Does it become them (my slaves and vassals)  
 To intermeddle, and condemn  
 Their Prince's Actions ?

*Must*. 'Princes actions are alwayes expos'd to  
 Censure.

'Persons, the higher they are elevated  
 In qualitie, the more their actions are  
 Observ'd.

*Maho*. 'Tis true——

'Subjects behold their Princes faults  
 Through a Multiplying-glass, which makes 'em  
 Seem far greater then they are.  
 But what way shall I find out to stop this  
 Breach, before it be too wide ?

*Must*. Alas, I fear 'tis grown too wide already,  
 And that 'tis now past remedy.  
 I know but one way left t' appease their fury ;  
 But I fear you'll think the remedy, worse  
 Than the disease.

*Maho*. What is't ? speak freely.

*Must*.

*Must.* 'Tis my Loyalty (*Majestick Sultan*)  
 And your Command, makes me so bold to tell  
 You, That I think there is no other remedy  
 Left to appease their fury, but by your  
 Forsaking of *Irena*.

*Maho.* Forake *Irena*——What *Musiapha*, would  
 (you

Counsel me to an action so unjust?

*Must.* Necessity makes actions Just.  
 'Tis just, Because 'tis necessary.

*Maho.* Would you have me expose *Irena* to  
 Their fury——No, I'll first perish, and let  
 The Empire sink, before that I'll perform  
 So degenerate an action.

*Must.* Alas great Sir, you misapprehend,  
 And misconstrue my meaning: I would not  
 Have you expose *Irena* to their fury;  
 But have you to conquer your own affection  
 Let it not be said, that He who  
 Has conquer'd so many Kingdoms,  
 Could not subdue a foolish Passion.  
 And though at first it may seeme hard, and diffi-  
 (cult,

Yet Time (the common Physician to all  
 Diseases) will at length afford you cure.

*Irena* is a Beautie, from whose charms,  
 You'll be better preserv'd by absence, then  
 By resistance. And your Souldiers, an if  
 They be not employ'd abroad, will employ  
 Themselves at home. 'Tis idleness, and want  
 Of Martial discipline that makes 'em now  
 Thus insolent.

Follow the example of your illustrious  
*Othoman*-Ancestors, And lead 'em again  
 Forth, to enlarge your Empire, and to obtain  
 New Conquests. Make it appear——

*Maho.* *Mustapha*, no more : I don't approve your  
Counsell — Their fury must be allay'd by  
Other means, than those which you propound.ed [Kneels.

*Must.* If in ought, Great Prince, I have offend  
You, I humbly beg your pardon.  
'Twas my Loyaltie, and your Danger, made  
Me take the Libertie t' express my thoughts  
Thus freely.

*Maho.* Although it be dang'rous for Subjects to  
Intermeddle i'their Prince's Affairs,  
Yet your Loyaltie has obtain'd your pardon.  
Rise *Mustapha*, and follow me. [He rises.

I must go studie, to find out some way,  
This their Rebellious Furie to allay.  
Tis easier far Rebellions to prevent,  
Than in their heat to hinder their intent. } *Aside.*

*Exeunt* Mahomer,  
& *Mustapha*: ma-  
net Aga.

## Actus III. Scena IV.

Aga *solus*.

*Aga*. So, 'tis well I was here to hear this their Discourse. I thought what it would come to, And that this *Mustapha* would discover Our Design to the *Sultan*, none else I knew durst do't — If it succeeds, 'tis well; If not, then what becomes of me? My death's Resolv'd already!

“ Ills when known, may be prevented;  
But are most dang'rous, when we are Ignorant of 'em.

“ Rocks, and shelves hid under water

“ Deceive the skilful'st Pilots.

The *Sultan* hath resolv'd my Death; But I Resolve, his death shall secure my life.

“ Self-preservation is a Principle infus'd

“ By Nature in our hearts, as soon as we

“ Are born.

My safetie, and Revenge, Ile joyn together.

I have long labour'd to be reveng'd for

The affront the *Sultan* did me, when he

Bestow'd on *Mustapha* a place that was

Promis'd me, and that was due only to

My merits. And Fortune now furnishes

Me with occasions to second my desires.

'Tis that, makes me so eagerly to

Stir up the *Bassas*, and Souldiers

To Rebellion.

“ The *Sultan* now shall find how dangerous 'tis

“ For Princes to be ungrateful.



For by his Death, which I resolve, I'll strive  
To be reveng'd, and save my self alive.

*Exit.*

## ACT. IV. SCEN: I.

*Enter Mahomet.*

*Alabo.* MY mind is so perplext with care, and grief,  
That I had need of all my courage

To sustain the weight of my misfortunes :  
Yet, 'tis not the apprehension I have  
For my own, But for the fair *Irena's*  
Danger, that thus abates my courage.  
How ill sometimes do Princes place their favours !  
I have rais'd these Villains to that height, they  
Now dare attempt to pull me from my Throne.  
Perfidious slaves, cannot I affect  
The fair *Irena* ; but must they envie  
My felicitie, and threaten her destruction ?  
Ah, how it torments me, to think I have  
No power, nor can find out no way to be  
Reveng'd, or to hinder their treacherous  
Intentions.  
To forsake *Irena* ! alas, 'tis impossible,  
But if it were not, I'd rather perish,  
Than to be guilty of so black a Crime,  
As to expose this Soul-in-charming Fair-one  
To their fury.  
To lose my Empire, and to be depriv'd  
Of the Fruit of all my Conquests, by such  
Perfidious Villains, does not a little

Trouble

Trouble me.

Nor can my Fancy, as yet, find out means  
To help me out of two such great Extreame.  
To lose *Irena*, then my Love is crost;  
And if I lose my Empire, I am lost.  
Such ills as these, my mind does so amuze,  
I know not yet, Which of these ills to chuse.

Love, and Ambition agitates my mind  
With equal Fury, And like to two  
Impetuous winds, when they meet together  
I the Ocean, Each strives for mast'ry.

State-Int'rest say's, Ambition here should sway     [*Pointing to*  
But Honour say's, That Love I should obey.     *his breast.*  
For I'm oblig'd by Honour to protect  
*Irena*, though she does my Love neglect.  
Love gains the field in this contentious strife;  
'Ile save *Irena*, or I'll lose my life.

## Act. IV. Scen. II.

*Enter Carazias, Zoganus, Caly-Bassa, Mahometes,  
and the Aga of the Janizaries.*

*Aga.* Generous Friends, I find you have bin zealous  
I th' *Empires* caute, And that by your endeavours  
The Souldiers are all unanimously agreed  
T' assault the Palace.

*Zog.* We've perform'd our Duty,  
And are now resolv'd to make th' Empire an  
Amends, that we've suffered so effeminate  
A Prince to govern it so long.

*Maho.* And to recover the Glory we've lost.

*Caly.* But shall we dispossess the *Sultan* of  
His Throne ———

*Aga.* Yes, what else? Do you think it can be safe  
For us (after we've perform'd what we intend)  
To leave him in a capacity to  
Revenge himself of the affront which he  
Conceives we do him. No, we must  
Not only deprive him of the Government,  
But too secure his Person.

I must not tell them, that I mean to kill him, } *Aside.*  
That would betray my malice, and revenge.

*Caraz.* Have you sent Prince *Bajazet*  
Notice of our Design.

*Aga.* No, 'Tis time enough after its  
Execution.

*Caraz.* But how an if he should reject what we  
Propound, And refuse the Throne we offer  
Him?

*Aga.* Refuse it — No, he's not such a fool.  
The *Othoman*-Princes are too desirous  
Of Sov'raintie, to refuse a Throne  
When offer'd.

*Caly.*

*Calv.* But what's become of *Mustapha*,  
Where's he?

*Aga.* Why he has bin with the *Sultan*  
“To discover to him our Design; From whom,  
“If it succeeds not, we must expect  
“The worst effects of Fury.

*Zog.* I ever doubted, *Mustapha* would prove  
A villain, and discover our Design.  
But 'tis no matter as long as we have force  
To execute what we resolve.

*Aga.* And let's not now delay it.  
The *Sultan* now knows of our Design,  
And will endeavour to prevent it.  
And if he should present himself to the  
Souldiers (from whom he has bin long absent)  
Who knows what effects his Presence  
Might produce?

*Zog.* That seems improbable.  
He knows the Souldiers are discontented,  
And breathe nothing, but fury, and revenge.  
I do not think he'll be so vent'rous——

*Aga.* Not be so vent'rous ——  
What danger is there his courage dares not  
Venture on?  
Have we not seen him run head-long into  
Dangers, as great as this?  
“Despair makes Cowards valiant;  
And will it not, think you, rouze up  
His sleeping courage?

*Zoga.* Perhaps it may ——  
But do you think we shall find resistance?

*Aga.* From none, but from some of his domestick  
Servants, The Guards are all at my Devotion.

*Mabo.* If we shall find such small resistance,  
And since the Guards will give us free access,  
What need we assault the Palace, with such

Numbers.

Numlars?

*Aga.* 'Tis necessary to shew that 'tis not  
An action of our own ; But that the whole  
Army is consenting.

*Zog.* 'Tis best I think that we go first  
To *Irena's* Lodgings, and offer her  
Up a Victim to the Empires safetie.  
That done, Let's secure the *Sultans* person.

*Caraz.* You counsel wisely ———  
Night with her sable curtains  
Does now ore-spread the Air,  
'Tis now time that we put our Design  
In execution.

*Aga.* Actions of this Nature, the sooner they're  
Perform'd, the better; and the safer.  
Let's not now defer it any longer ;  
All things are now in readines, and the  
Souldiers only want our presence  
To countenance the action.  
Should we but delay it, they might lose that  
Eagerness and fury of revenge that we've  
Inspird into 'em.

*Zog.* No, come ; Let's go,  
Before their courage cools.  
Delay's are dang'rous ———

*Caly.* But where shall we meet  
To joyn our Troops together ?

*Aga.* Where — Why in the open place  
Before the Palace. No place  
Is more convenient.

*Caly.* And in what time ?

*Aga.* Why ? within an hour at furthest.

*Caly.* Well, without fail, I'll meet you.

*Zog.* And so will I.

*Caraz.* Nor will I fail.

*Maho.* Nor I ———

But are you sure the Guards will give us access ?

*Aga.*

*Aga.* Yes, for that I'll engage,  
 La ve that to my care. But come let's go.  
 So, things go well as yet, and Fate conspires? } *Aside.*  
 To second my intention, and desires.

*Exeunt omnes.*

Act. IV. Scen. III.

*Enter Mahomet and Irena.*

*Maho.* Madam be ruled, Let's fly, and let's not stay,  
 Lest that we perish by our own delay.

*Ire.* What gen'rous *Sultan*, can you fly, and yield,  
 When y'are a Conquerour, to slaves the field?  
 Where's now your courage, that you can allow  
 These slaves to snatch the Lawrel from your brow?

*Maho.* My courage faints, and dares not now appear:  
 But 'tis for you, not for my self I fear.

*Ire.* Take care to save your Self, and as for me,  
 Leave that to Fate, and my own Destinie.

*Maho.* Leave you *Irena*! no, that cannot be;  
 If you miscarry, What becomes of me?

*Ire.* Why, is't upon my Fate, that you intend  
 Your safetie, or your ruine, should depend?  
 Should I miscarry, yet the loss is small;  
 But if You lose your Empire, you lose all.  
 Therefore once more, Let me the favour crave  
 You'd take less care for me, more That to save.

*Maho.* Ah, think not that my thoughts are so abject,  
 That, to save That, I should my Love neglect.  
 'Tis not my Empires loss causes my grief,  
 If I lose that, my Sword can give relief.  
 New Empires I can gain, but not subdue  
 The grief, and passion that I have for you.  
 'Tis Love, not Empire, has the greatest part  
 In all the grief that now afflicts my heart.

*Ire.* Ambition only in your heart should rest,  
 'Tis a fit passion for a Monarch's breast.

*Atabo.* Though I have Love, yet I've Ambition too,  
But 'tis not to gain Empire, but gain You.

*Irena* is a Beauty so Divine,  
I'd freely part with all, to make her mine.  
But Heav'n! what is't I say, when Fate denies  
That I am worthy such a glorious prize?  
For she's above my merits; I can gain,  
Nor pretend nothing from her, but disdain.

*Ire.* *Irena* is unworthy to have part  
In (or possess) so great a Monarch's heart.  
And though you're pleas'd to think that she's above,  
Yet she's too low an Object for your Love.

*Atabo.* What Object is there in the world, that's higher  
To which that my ambition can aspire?

*Ire.* To Glory and Renown, and to obtain  
What may to you immortal Honour gain;  
Those are fit Objects, and are worthy you:  
But let not Love your gen'rous heart subdue.  
Your Face shew's that y<sup>e</sup> are troubled, I suspect  
That 'tis not Love, but Fear does you deject.  
For shame let not your Slaves rebellious pow'r  
Deprive you of your Conquests in an hour;  
And let not that by Treason be undon,  
Which you by many Victories have won.  
Call up your courage, and forbear to give  
These slaves such pow'r, But still a Monarch live.

*Atabo.* What a Heroick Spirit here does rest,  
And is contain'd within this Lady's breast?  
Sure, she's my Better-Genius that is sent,  
Mine, and my Empires ruine to prevent.  
Your Courage, and your Beautie I admire;  
Each equally my breast with Love inspire.  
But Madam, you mistake, that is not Fear  
Which on my Visage now seems to appear.  
Danger could never yet my heart surprize,  
Were you but safe, I could with ease despise  
These Ballas threats; My courage is above

*Aside.*



All other dangers, but th' assaults of Love.  
 Wou'd you prove kind, I cou'd my Throne defend,  
 And make my fate upon my sword depend.  
 And wou'd you but accept what is your due,  
 I'd then defend it, to bestow't on you.

To neglect what you scorn, how can I chuse?  
 You both my Person, and my Throne refuse.

Were I so happy, that you would but give  
 Me yet some comfort, I'd a Monarch live :

The malice of my Stars, I'd then defie,  
 And on *Irena* for my Fate rely.

Then Madam, see that you have pow'r alone  
 To make me happy, and to save my Throne.

*Ire.* It is beyond my pow'r to effect  
 What you imagine, or your Throne protect.  
 You speak as if I'd pow'r to create  
 Some new Decrees, or alter those of Fate.

*Mabo.* 'Tis not the Fates, But your fair Eyes that be  
 The only Rulers of my Destinie.

*Ire.* I now begin to pity you, 'Tis Love  
 I see that makes your Reason thus to rove :

It is a Passion too unworthy you,  
 "A generous mind Love ought not to subdue.

*Mabo.* Yet Love's a Passion we too often find,  
 That lodges most within a gen'rous mind.

*Ire.* 'Tis true : But 'tis our own consent, and will,  
 That makes us subject to so great an ill.

*Mabo.* Ah, 'tis not in our choice, but 'tis above  
 Our pow'r to hinder the decrees of Love.

We oftentimes our selves know not the cause,  
 Why we are subject to his rigid Law's.

"To resist his Decrees is vain, Love's darts  
 Can quickly force Obedience from our hearts.

No humane pow'r is able to withstand  
 Against the pow'r and force of Love's command.

But Madam, I must now again renew  
 My late request, and that Design pursue.

He that ne're us'd to ask, does now implore  
 You'd mind your danger, and your safetie more :  
 And once again intreats you (since the night  
 Will favour us) not to delay our flight.

*Ire.* Danger pursues those that do from it fly  
 Let's stay, and let's on our own Fates rely.

*Atabo.* Madam, be not so obstinately bent  
 To your own ruine, thus to give consent.  
 I've told you of the danger you are in,  
 But must not now commit to great a sin  
 As grant your stay, That were but to expose  
 You to the rage, and fury of your foes.

*Ire.* Why, do you think our flight can make us free  
 From what's decreed for us by destiny.

*Atabo.* No, " But again, we ought not to neglect  
 " Those means our selves, Heav'n gives, us to protect.  
 When Nature is distemper'd, we then chuse  
 Physitians help, and not their aid refuse,  
 And since th'approaching danger is so near,  
 Give him that does adore you leave to fear :  
 And though you will not lie, yet grant, I may  
 Conceal your Person, to secure your stay.

*Ire.* That may prolong my pain not cure the wounds;  
 If you miscarry, I shall soon be found.  
 No, if my ruine be by Heav'n decreed  
 That cannot hinder, but it must succeed.

*Atabo.* If then to neither you will give consent,  
 Your ruine I must other-ways prevent.  
 Since to my Counsel you no ear afford,  
 I'll strive for to protect you by my Sword,  
 Then Madam come, I must at once secure  
 You, and my self, from what we might endure.

*Exeunt.*

## Act. IV. Scen. IV.

*Enter Perinthia.*

*Per.* What strange confusion 's here, what new alarms  
Does make the Souldiers thus to be in Arms?  
All's so disorder'd, as if Fate resolv'd  
The world should now to Chaos be dissolv'd.  
It seems so horrid, and so strange to me,  
I can't imaginewhat the cause should be:  
Unless (which Heav'n I hope will yet prevent)  
The *Sultan* has discover'd our intent.  
Just Heav'n forbid, such Fate should us attend,  
Grant our mis-fortunes now may have an end. *Enter Irena.*  
But here's *Irena*; since she does appear  
She'll soon dispel, or soon increase my fear.  
Ah Madam! You come in a fit time to  
Resolve me of those Doubts which now perplex]  
My breast.

*Ire.* What is't, *Perinthia*, troubles you?

*Per.* Alas, I fear we are undone;  
And that envious Fate has to the *Sultan*  
Discover'd our Design.  
But Madam, You I know can soon declare,  
If we have cause to hope, or to despair.

*Ire.* As yet we've cause to hope;  
The *Sultan* knows nothing of it.

*Per.* What's the reason then, that the Guards are all  
In Arms, and that there's such a Confusion  
I the Palace, and things so out of Order.

*Ire.* Why, it seems the *Bassa's* and Souldiers,  
Enrag'd to see the *Sultan* doat on me,  
And to neglect all his former Designs,  
Have conspir'd against him, and resolve to

Deprive him of his Throne, and me of my Life.

*Per.* What treacherous Rascals are these Balsa's?

*Ire.* This Design the *Sultan* came just now to Acquaint me with, and to counsel me either By flight, or by concealment to avoy'd Their Furie.

*Per.* And which have you chosen Madam?

*Ire.* Neither.

*Per.* What, Dear *Irena*, do you then Resolve?

*Ire.* To stay Madam, and rely upon the promise Of *Justinianus* and *Honorius*.

For should I either flie, or conceal my self, I should deprive them of their expectation.

*Per.* Why Madam, should you for that, be accessary To your own danger? Perhaps this Design May prevent theirs. Cannot you fly, and give Them notice of your retreat: Methinks this Should be a means to escape both from the Sultan and Balsa's.

*Ire.* It might, could the *Sultan* be perswaded To stay behind.

*Per.* What, Madam? Will he go with you, and leave His Empire a prey to his Rebellious Subjects? Cannot the Power you have over him Perswade him to the contrarie?

*Ire.* No, but suppose it could, whom have I that I durst have trusted to acquaint *Justinianus* With my retreat; For had I consented, I should have bin forc'd to have departed Instantly away.

*Per.* Madam, if that were all, I would have don't.

*Ire.* Yo've don't? No, dear *Perinthia*, had I gon, You must have gone along. Or else it wou'd but have perplext my mind, Should I have gone, and left you here behind: What comfort could I have enjoy'd in my

Own security ; If you had bin expos'd  
To danger. But to prevent that, and not  
To disappoint *Justinianus*, and *Honorius*  
(Whom we've engag'd to meet) I have  
Endeavour'd to inflame the *Sultan's* breast  
With Honour and Revenge. Hoping that whilst  
He pursues the preservation of his  
Empire, I shall have more libertie to enjoy  
My self, and facilitate our escape.

*Per.* You've done discreetly Madam, and I hope  
That same Providence that has preserv'd us  
From so many dangers will still watch over us.

*Ire.* We have no reason to mistrust it.  
Since Heav'n has already (as an earnest  
Of our future happiness) granted that  
We have found those Persons living, whom we  
Thought dead.

*Per.* Fortune has long bin cruel, but I trust  
It will prove kind at last, and now be just.

*Ire.* If their Design (on which that I rely)  
Succeeds, I dare its Malice then defie.

*Per.* I hope it will, and hope that these *Bassa's*  
Rebellion, will serve to further, and not  
To hinder their Design. For in the disorder,  
And confusion things are now in, it will be  
An easie matter to escape : And the  
*Sultan* will be otherwise imploy'd than  
To make pursuit after us.  
I hope, things will succeed better then we  
Expect.

*Ire.* I wish they may ———  
Fortune, and Love, I hope will both combine  
To aid, and second that which we design,

*Per.* They're two blind Pow'rs, or else if they could see,  
To favour us, then they would soon agree.

*Ire.* Our Cause is just. And though they have no eyes,  
Yet they have Justice, they are Dieties.

'Twere

'Twere impious to think ought else could rest  
 Or find a place in a Cœlestial breast.  
 But come, the Time is not yet expir'd  
 In which we appointed to meet 'em;  
 Let's retire into the next room, and sing;  
 Or else by too much reflecting on our  
 Present condition, I shall grow melancholy.  
*Per.* What you think fit, I must consent to.

[*They retire into  
 the next room,  
 and sing.*]

### Song.

*Cœlestial Pow'rs that rule above,  
 And that incline our hearts to Love,  
 Since you've bin cruel, now be kind,  
 And grant that we some ease may find.  
 Grant that our hearts oppress'd with grief  
 May now at length find some relief.*

*Fair Paphian Queen, to whose bright eyes,  
 The Gods themselves became a prize:  
 Ah, Let's intreat thee, pray thy Son  
 To finish what he has begun.  
 For Love's a flame that may grow less,  
 If not recruited by success.*

*Great God of Love, whose pow'rful Dart  
 At once wounds both the Mind, and Heart:  
 Ease us from what we still endure,  
 From future storms, let's be secure:  
 And we'll proclaim Love then to be  
 Of all the greatest Dietie. ||*

[*The Song ended,  
 they enter again.*]

*Ire.* So now, I think 'tis time that we retire,  
 Delay perhaps might make our Hopes expire.

*Per.*

*Per.* I hope not so : of its success by Heav'n,  
We have already some assurance giv'n.

*Ire.* If Fate proves kind, then it will soon dispel  
Those fears, which in our troubl'd breasts now dwell.  
But dear *Perinthia* come, I fear we may  
Make things succeed amiss, by our delay.

*Exeunt.*

Act. IV. Scen. V.

*Enter Mahomet.*

*Maho.* I'm lately grown so wretched, that the more  
I think on my condition, I deplore  
My own misfortunes ; and they are so new,  
I cannot yet imagine they are true,  
But think 'tis some *Chimera* form'd by night,  
Which only serv's my senses to affright.  
To day when Glorious *Phœbus* rose, he saw  
The world without controul receive my Law.  
None durst dispute, nor, then, none durst withstand,  
But all obey'd, to what I did command.  
I then was happy, had Fate but suppress'd  
Those Flames of Love, which still torment my breast ;  
Or had *Irena* prov'd but kind, and cur'd  
Me of those pains, which for her I indur'd.  
To perfect my felicity, the aid  
Was only wanting of that beautiful Maid.  
But now I'm made so wretched by my Fate,  
That I'm scarce known for what I was of late.  
Strange changes i' my fate, there is begun,  
Betwixt the rising, and the setting Sun.  
But these complaints are womanish in me,  
Revenge would with my Courage more agree,  
Were but *Irena* safe, I'd go, and kill  
These Basha's, and my own revenge fulfill.  
But since she is unsafe ; Those thoughts as yet  
Do more of Valour, then of Love admit.

K

Ile



I'll once again go to her, and I'll trie,  
 If yet *Irena* will consent to flie.  
 Which if she does, I then in a short time  
 Will gather force, to punish their bold crime.  
 But if from flying she does still refrain,  
 I'll try what by my presence I can gain  
 Upon the Souldiers. For perhaps I may  
 Make 'em lay down their Arms, and yet obey.  
 But if this fails, with those few Guards I have  
 I'll strive, *Irena* and my self to save.  
 In her defence I'll die, or I'll prevent  
 These villains of their black and base intent.  
 'Twill be a comfort, if Fate grants that I  
 In her defence, may yet have leave to die :  
 And in my death I shall far happier prove  
 Than ever I have yet been in my Love.

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## Actus IV. Scena VI.

*Enter the Aga in a disguise.*

*Aga.* So, I am now at last escap'd from the Balsa's  
 (Who will now quickly assault the Palace),  
 And am come here to act my own revenge.  
 This disguise has as yet preserv'd me from  
 Discovery, 'twas well I enter'd in  
 The Palace by a private way, Or else  
 Perhaps I had run some danger. I find  
 Some alteration here, some of those Guards  
 I trusted most, and that guarded *Irena's*  
 Lodgings, I find displac'd, And other of  
*Mustapha's* Souldiers admitted i' their rooms.  
 And though we've force to execute our resolution,  
 Yet I fear that either the *Sultan's* presence,  
 Or his promises, may make 'em (how resolute  
 Soever now they seem) to lay down their  
 Arms: Should this happen (which my own guilt makes  
 Me to suspect) then I am lost; Have not  
 I heard the *Sultan* to resolve my death?  
 And were not I a fool, that having means  
 Now to preserve my self, and be reveng'd  
 If I should be accessory to my own ruine?  
 No; now is the time of my revenge,  
 And I'll not defer it.  
 I have here hard-by, four or five Persons  
 (In whom I dare confide) disguis'd like my self:  
 Assisted by these, I'll watch an opportunitie,  
 And go and kill the *Sultan*. And then I'll  
 Give out, he perish'd i' th' assault.  
 He being dead, my fears will too die with him;  
 And with young *Bajazet* (before that I  
 Lay down my Arms) I'll make my own conditions.  
*Sultan*, your Fate is now resolv'd; 'tis I

That am the Ruler of your destiny.  
Your ruine now so firmly is decreed  
Fate cannot alter, but it must succeed.

*Exit.*

## ACT. V. SCENE I.

*Enter Mahomet in the Palace Garden.*

*Maho.* **T**Hese villains still in treacherie combine,  
And now resolve to act what they design.

The time draws neer, The day has run its race  
And *Cynthia* now supplies her Brother's place.  
Their crime's so Monstrous, that they fear the light,  
And dare not act their Treason but by night.

*Irena's* generous too, and seems to run]  
To meet those dangers, I wou'd have her shun.

But I have given to *Mustapha* command;  
Their pow'r and their furie to withstand,  
Whil'st by my presence, I strive to prevent  
Their horrid Crime, and frustrate their intent —

Ha! What noise is that I hear — [Hears a noise.

Methinks I perceive some Persons coming  
Towards me.

The Moon's pale beams affords me light enough  
To discover they are Women.

And if I'm not deceiv'd, 'tis *Irena*,

And *Perinthia*, 'Tis so —

What makes she now here at this time of night ?

Just now I left her in her Chamber,

It cannot sure be fear that drives her forth,

She was then so resolute.

What should be the cause on't I can't imagine;

But I'll conceal my self, what's ere it be [Conceals himself.

Till that the Cause either I hear or see.

*Enter*

*Enter Irena and Perinthia.*

*Ire.* But for the *Sultan's* Coming to me,  
We had bin here before.

The time is now expir'd, And yet I see  
None here ; sure something is fallen out  
Unexpected, that makes 'em stay so long.

*Per.* Persons when they're imploy'd about  
Occasions of this Nature, cannot keep  
Their promise to a minute, '  
But I dare engage, it will not be long  
Ere they come.

*Ire.* In the mean while,  
Let's retire into that Arbour,  
And sing.

*Per.* Well agreed.

[ *They retire into an  
Arbour, and sing.*

## Song.

*Though to our Sex 'tis that Love owes,  
'What of his pow'r the world yet knows ;  
And 'tis our eyes that does inspire  
Mens hearts with Love, and with desire :  
Wer't not for us, the world would be  
Both from Lov's pow'r and Empire free.*

*Enter Just. and Hon*  
*They listen to the  
Song.*

*Yet Love still with his golden Darts  
Ne're spares to wound our tender hearts.  
We're rob'd by that ungrateful Boy,  
Both of our Freedome, and our Joy.  
He ne're considers 'tis our Eyes  
That gains him such a glorious Prize.*

*Then let's not Lovers make despair,  
But be as kind, as we are fair ;  
Since from Love's Empire, nor his pow'r  
We cannot free our selves an hour.*

*Beautie's a shield too weak to prove  
Defence, against the Darts of Love,*

*Just.* This Musick far excels that o'the Spears,  
Methinks I'm ravish'd with Cœlestial harmony.

*Hon.* Where two Cœlestial voyces so combine,  
The Musick cannot chuse, but be Divine.

*Just.* Come, Let's go to 'em.

[*Ire. and Per. come  
out of the Arbour*

But see, they're here.

Madam, I hope we've not made you stay here

[*To Irena.*

Long; If we have, we humbly beg your pardon.

*Maho.* Ha! Who are these, I grow suspicious;  
But I'll conceal my self, till that I make  
Further discovery.

*Aside.*

*Ire.* There needs no pardon, where there's no offence.  
I attributed your stay to your occasions,  
Not to your neglect.

*Hon.* Our Occasions did indeed take us up  
More time than we imagin'd, else we had  
Waited on you sooner.

*Per.* The time's not long expir'd,  
You've bin prettie punctual.

What, are all things now in readiness?

*Hon.* Madam, they are; Our Friends only expects  
Our return for to assault the Palace.

*Maho.* Ha! What is't I hear — Assault the Palace — *Aside.*  
Are these in League too with the Balsa's?

*Ire.* But what need you put it to the hazard  
Of an Assault, and tempt your Fate, Can't you  
Convey us out, by the way you enter in?

*Just.* No Madam, that's impossible —  
The Garden is (as you know) moated round  
And has but one door, which is strongly guarded.  
We are forc'd to slide o're the Moat by a rope,  
Which from this side the Eunuch throws us,  
And which we fasten to the other side  
O'the Moat, and then climb o're the Wall  
By a Ladder of ropes.

Our intent is first to fall upon those Guards  
That keep the Garden door, and so to force  
Our passage through the Garden to your lodgings.

The

The disorder, and confusion things are now in  
 Will much facilitate our design.  
 The Bassa's, and Souldiers, incens'd to see  
 The *Sultan* to adore you, are now  
 Upon the point to assault the Palace.  
 And these villains, these Barbarians,  
 Dares be so impious as to threaten  
 Your destruction, which we by our speedy  
 Assault hope to prevent.

*Ire.* The *Sultan* told me of the Bassa's intentions,  
 And would have had me either have fled,  
 Or conceal'd my self to avoid their furie;  
 But I refus'd it, knowing that then I  
 Should have disappointed you.

*Maho.* Heav'n, what is't I hear? was it to go  
 Along with these villains, that she refus'd it?  
 Was it for these she slighted my affection?  
 I can contain no longer, I must go to 'em.

*Aside.*

*Discovers himself,  
 and goes to 'em  
 Irena spies the Sultan*

*Ire.* The *Sultan*! O Heav'n we are undone.

*Per.* Ah cruel Fate, nothing but this accident  
 Could make us miserable.

*Ma.* Whos're you are that intrude thus boldly  
 Into this Ladies company, your Lives  
 Shall pay the forfeit of your presumption:  
 Speak, Who are you? What's your names?

*To Iust. and Hon.  
 pointing to Ire.*

*Iust.* My name (proud *Sultan*) I was ne're asham'd  
 To own; 'Tis *Justinianus*.

*Hon.* And mine *Honorius*.

*Maho.* Heav'n, What's my offence,  
 That you raise up my dead enemies  
 (Together with my Subjects) to conspire  
 My ruine.

*Aside.*

Were not you slain?

*Iust.* No, you see we are alive,  
 And alive to dispute these Ladies with you.

*Irena's* mine, and so long as I have life,  
 And can rule this, she must ne're be yours.

*[Lays his hand  
 upon his sword.*

*Maho.* Audacious villain, *Irena* must be mine,

For

For she shall ne're be yours.  
 I'll make you quit your bold pretensions  
 Together with your Life.  
 Ho Guards! Who's there? —

Here, kill these slaves —

*Aga.* 'Tis you that first must die.

*Maho.* Ha! betray'd —

Villains, dare you attempt my Life?

*Aga.* Yes, you resolv'd my death!

I over-heard your Discourse;

But I'll prevent your Design —

*Maho.* Ho *Mustapha* —

*Aga.* Nay, ne're call, he's other-ways imploy'd,  
 There's none near to assist you, You must die.

*Maho.* I'll sell my life then dearly — [*Draws and fights.*

*Just.* Come, let's not stand idle, and be Spectators [*To Hon.*  
 Of this unequal Combat —

*Sultan,* you shall find those lives

You would have took from us,

We'll now imploy to defend yours.

See this victim, I offer to your revenge —

*Maho.* Generous men pardon the first transports [*Kills the Aga.*  
*Maho and Hon. kill*  
*two of the others,*  
*the rest fly.*

Of my passion, You've preserv'd a Life

Shall be at your devotion, and you've oblig'd

A Prince, that will not be ungrateful.

I know not how to recompence the generosity you've shown;

But I'll studie to find out a reward,

Equall to your deserts.

*Just.* Great Prince, what we've done, we were oblig'd

By Honour to perform; But if you think

It merits an acknowledgment, Grant us,

As a reward, the disposal of these Ladies;

And let me carry the fair *Irena*

Where I think fit.

*Maho.* Alas! Ask what you will besides,

And I will grant it, Ask half my Empire,

And you shall have it freely. But to part

With *Irena*, alas, it lies not in my pow'r;

I cannot



I cannot grant it—— Pray ask something else.

*Just.* All else I scorn——

Know that *Irena's* mine, by her Father's,  
Her Prince's, and her own Election.

Know, I have pow'r besides to force that from you,  
Which now I ask.

*Mabo.* I know your pow'r, and scorn it :  
Were I not oblig'd by gratitude, your threats  
Should not force *Irena* from me.  
Madam, is't true that you affect *Justinianus* ?

[To *Irena*.

*Ire.* I were unjust, an if I should deny it :  
I so affect him, that 'tis impossible  
I should ere affect an other.

*Mabo.* Noble *Justinianus*, give me but leave  
To trie, if I can dispose my heart to shake off  
*Irena's* Fetters, and forget her Charm's !

[*Just. bows and retires  
with the rest to a cor-  
ner of the Stage and  
whispers.*

And I'll endeavour to yield to your desires.

What a strange and cruel Law  
Does my hard Destiny impose upon me

Either I must forsake *Irena*, or be  
Ungrateful to the Preserver of my Life.

To forsake *Irena* (Ah, cruel Fate !)

'Tis a Task my heart cannot yet submit to.

Yet when I consider how gen'roully

He expos'd to danger that Life

I wou'd have took from him, to defend mine :

And how he reveng'd me on the Perfidious

*Aga*, I must confess I owe him

No common effects of Gratitude.

*Irena* loves my Rival, and by her own

Confession, can ne're affect an other :

And I could ne're yet gain the least int'rest

In her heart. 'Tis wisdom, and discretion

To quit that gen'roully, which we can't preserve.

Should I deny him he has pow'r to force

Her from me, and I no pow'r to defend her.

The Bassa's will now quickly assault the Palace ;

And they on the other side threaten her

L

Destruction ;

Destruction ; And I had rather see her in  
A gen'rous Rival's Arms, then see her expos'd  
To the fury of those Slaves.

I'll strive to subdue my Passion,  
And bestow her on his merits.

*Justinianus* was gen'rous, and sav'd my Life,  
And I'll be gen'rous, and bestow *Irena* on him.

'Tis his generosity has vanquish'd me :  
Thus to be conquer'd is no shame, I yield ;  
But 'tis to gratitude I quit the field.

[Goes to 'em.  
To *Irena*.

Madam, 'tis no easie matter  
For a Person captivated by your fair Eyes  
To regain his Liberty, and yield up his  
Pretensions to his Rival ! 'Tis a task  
Too hard for frail Humanitie :

But the Obligations I have to *Justinianus*  
Are so great, that they cannot be cancell'd  
But by a generosity as great as his.

Here, *Justinianus*, receive from me  
The fair *Irena* ; you sav'd my Life,  
And I bestow upon you the thing  
I most esteem.

[Takes *Irena* by the  
hand and presents  
her to *Just*.

*Just*. 'Tis a gift (*Great Sultan*) I more esteem,  
Then if you had bestow'd your Throne upon me.  
I want words to thank you, but my actions  
Shall express my gratitude.

*Ire*. Gen'rous Prince, you've oblig'd a Lady, that  
Though she could never yet affect your Person,  
Yet she now adores your Vertue.  
You've obtain'd more glory by thus conquering  
Of your self, then 'ere you did by triumphing  
O'er your enemies.

*Mabo*. Was it because my Rival you did Love, [To *Irena*.  
That I your heart to Love, could never move.

*Ire*. My Love long since was to his merits due,  
But I retain Respect great Prince for you :  
For by your gen'rous actions now I find  
That Honour has a place within your mind.

Enter

*Enter Mustapha.*

*Must.* Ha! Who are these?  
The *Aga* kill'd ———

*Maho.* Yes *Mustapha*, Heav'n  
Has reveng'd me on that Traytor  
By the hand of that valiant Person.

[*Pointing to Just.*

*Must.* Make haste, Great Sir, by your presence to allay  
The Souldiers fury, or all will soon be lost.  
The Bassa's has assaulted the Palace,  
The Guards gave 'em free access, and those that  
Defend *Irena's* Lodgings, will be too weak  
To make any long resistance, unless  
The others fury be speedily prevented.

*Maho.* Go, *Mustapha*, encourage 'em  
To hold out till I come to 'em:  
Tell 'em, I'll be with 'em strait.

*Exit Must.*

*Just.* Great Prince, Let not this  
Their treacherie alarm you.  
Those Forces we thought to have employ'd  
Against you, shall now be employ'd to serve you.  
I have here hard-by five hundred valiant  
And able Souldiers; Most of 'em has bin formerly  
Officers under me; They are all in readines,  
And only wait my return. With these  
I doubt not but to stop the Bassa's furie.

*Maho.* Brave *Justinianus*, you lay  
So many Obligations on me, that  
I shall ne're be able to requite you;  
I accept your gen'rous offer.

*Hon.* Command the Garden-door  
For to be open'd, that through the Garden  
We may enter in the Palace!

*Maho.* Here take this Ring, and this:  
These will procure you entrance.

[*Gives him a Ring, and a  
Table-book, in which  
he first writes.*

*Just.* But what shall we do to secure  
These Ladies?

*Maho.* Take you no care for that,  
 I'll engage my life to secure 'em  
 Till your return. But pray make haste.  
*Just.* We'll make all haste imaginable.

*Exit Just.  
 and Hon.*

*Enter Mustapha hastily.*

*Must.* For Heav'n's sake Great Sir, make haste,  
 And save your self, for all's lost.  
 The Bassa's, and Souldiers assaulted us  
 With such fury, that we were forc'd to yield.  
 They now seek up and down the Palace for  
*Irena*, And vow that 'tis only her blood  
 That must appease their furie.

*Maho.* Curs'd villains —  
 Heav'n! How shall I keep my promise,  
 And preserve *Irena*; *Justinianus* cannot  
 Yet return — stay, Is there no way yet left  
 To preserve *Irena*, and my Empire;  
 Let me consider — Ha!  
 'Twill do, They scarce e're saw her, and may  
 Be easily deceiv'd —

*Aside.*  
 [Stamps.

[Studies.

*Mustapha*, heark ye —  
 Make haste, and do as I command.

[Whispers Must.

*Must.* Your Commands shall be  
 With diligence perform'd.

*Exit, Must.*

*Maho.* Madam, since your safety, and my promise [To *Irena*.  
 Does require it: Be pleas'd that I may conceal you  
 (Till *Justinianus*'s return) in a Vault  
 Here in this Garden, a place so secret,  
 That 'tis not known to any, but my self.  
 Whil'st by my project I appease their strife,  
 And save at once my Empire, and your Life,

*Exeunt.*

Act. V.

## Act. V. Scen. II.

*Enter Zoganus, Carazias, Caly-bassa, Mahometes,  
and Souldiers with their Swords drawn.*

*Zog.* Where's this Sorcerers, this Syren,  
That thus enchants the *Sultan*?

*Caraz.* Nay, Where's the *Sultan* too?

*Caly.* And the *Aga*, Where's he?

*Mahometes.* They're all vanish'd sure.

*Caraz.* I begin for to suspect the *Aga*,  
We have not seen him since we began th' Assault  
I fear he takes the *Sultan*'s part.

*Zog.* An if he does,  
He shall not scape our vengeance —  
But come, Let's not delay, but seek 'em,  
Left they escape us.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mahomet and Mustapha.*

*Mah.* Have you done, as I commanded?  
Are things in readines?

*Must.* Your commands Great *Sultan*, I've obey'd.

*Mah.* Come then, and follow me;  
And be sure you make fast all the doors  
That none come neer us.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Carazias, Zoganus, Caly-Bassa, Mahometes; and Souldiers with their Swords drawn, as before, below. And enter above in a Belcony, The Sultan with a Slave attird like Irena, and vail'd Mustapha. The Body of Aga, is brought upon the Belcony.*

*Caraz.* 'Tis strange that they should all escape us,  
And that we can find none.

*Zog.* This *Irena* sure's a Witch,  
And has cast some Mist before our eyes.

Else we've search'd so diligently for 'em,  
'T'was impossible they should escape us.

*Mahometes.* The *Sultan*, *Irena*, the *Aga*  
And *Mustapha*, all fled, I wonder that we  
Should meet with none !

*Maho.* See here perfidious villains, the Persons [From above.  
That you seek.

*Omnes.* Ha ! [They look up amaz'd, and espie  
the *Sultan*, and the rest.

*Caraz.* The *Sultan* !

*Zoga.* And *Irena* !

*Mahometes.* There's *Mustapha*, and the *Aga* too !

*Caly.* Ha ! The *Aga's* dead.

*Mahomet.* Yes, villains; he has receiv'd the reward  
Due to his Treachery ;

'Tis what you must expect.

*Mahometes.* How came he dead ? [To his companions

*Zog.* Nay, let's not dispute that,

But let's revenge his Death :

Let's break open the doors, and kill [Offers to force the doors,  
*Irena* in the *Sultan's* Arms.

*Mahomet.* Hold Traytors ———

See here, insolent slaves, cannot I affect [Turns up her veil.

This fair Creature, this Master-piece of Nature :

But must you murmur, turn Rebels, and threaten  
Her destruction ?

Who made you the Judges of my actions ?

What villain is there amongst you all,

That, had he so Divine a Creature in his possession,

But would be unwilling to part with her ?

Speak, in the word of a Prince, I give you

Libertie, freely to express your thoughts.

*Caraz.* She's fair beyond imagination, [Aside to his  
I cannot blame him. companions.

*Zog.* Nor I, for affecting so Divine a Creature.

*Mahometes.* I never thought *Irena* half so fair.

*Caly.* She surpasses all that I ever saw.

*Maho.* I see you are amaz'd, your silence,  
And your whispers, declare you are ashamed

Of your Rebellion, And that you rather  
Approve, then condemn my actions.

But I'll make you know, bale slaves,

That you've bin deceiv'd in me.

Ambition (that Imperious Mistris of *[Pointing to his breast.*

Heroick Souls) reigns only here, And she

Will not admit a Rivall in my heart.

That I can conquer my other Passions,

Let this perswade ye —

*[Stab's the slave.*

Nay, been't amaz'd at what I have perform'd;

'Tis you that forc'd me to this cruel action.

Let this example strike a terrour in you,

And think, that he that could thus sacrifice

The Person he ador'd, Because you thought her

An obstacle to his glory; Will not stick

To be reveng'd on his perfidious Subjects.

Think but what Oblations, I ought to offer

To appease the Ghost of this unfortunate fair-One,

And to expiate the Crime you've forc'd me

To commit. 'Tis only your speedy laying down your Arms,

And returning to your obedience can obtain

Pardon for your offence.

Such an action may appease the Furie

Of your incens'd Prince, and discharge you

From the infamy, which your black Rebellion

Has contracted on you:

Yet think not that this Action, nor this Language

Proceeds from fear, know I have pow'r

(If you persist still in your treacherie)

To force Obedience from you.

*Omnes.* Ha! What noise is that? *[A shout within.*

*Mahomet,* Surely, *Justinianus* and *Honorius*

Are now come.

*Must.* 'Tis not unlikely.

*Enter*



*Enter a Souldier.*

*Sol.* Make haste to succour us, or we are lost: [*To the Bassas.*  
We are assaulted so furiously (by enemies  
Whom we know not) that we are forc'd to give  
Ground. They crie, Long live the *Sultan Mabomet*,  
And assaile us like so many Devils;  
Nor can our number ought prevail against 'em.

*Mabometes.* Well, go; we'll be with you strait: [*Exit Sold.*  
This report agrees with the *Sultan's* last words.

*Zog.* I cannot imagine from whence this aid  
Should come, unless it comes from Heav'n.

*Caly.* I fear, Heav'n will punish us for our  
Treacherie, Let's implore the *Sultans* mercie,  
And return to our Obedience.

The *Sultan* himself has kill'd *Irena*,  
Who was the cause of our Rebellion;  
And as the cause, so the Effects should cease.

*Mabo.* Their faces denotes that they're troubled, [*To Must.*  
And I hope a happy change.

*Must.* I do not doubt, but they'll return again  
To their Obedience.

*Caraz.* The sooner we submit, the easier [*To his companions.*  
We shall obtain our pardon.

*Zog.* Let's not then defer it —

*Carazias,* do you speak for us: you us'd  
To have some int'rest with the *Sultan*.

*Caraz.* Well, since you will have it so, I will —  
That we've offended you (Dread Sovereign) [*To Mahomet.*  
Our Actions has but too clearly manifested,  
And we acknowledg that we have deserv'd  
The greatest punishments that the rage  
Of our justly displeas'd Prince  
Could inflict upon us.  
Our crim's so horrid, that we almost despair  
Of Pardon; And we've no other way  
Left to obtain it, then by prostrating

Our

Our selves at your Royal feet, and imploring  
Of your mercy. Think how much more noble 'tis  
For a Prince to save, then to destroy his Subjects.  
Such an Act of Clemency will oblige us  
For the future, never to be disloyal.

[*They kneel.*]

That our Repentance is not feign'd, but real,  
Lead us but forth against our Enemies,  
And our Actions shall confirm it :  
And we will endeavour by their blood  
To wash off the stain that's now upon us —

*Mahomet.* Rise, for this once I pardon you :  
But if e're you prove again disloyal,  
Ne're hope for pardon.

[*They rise.*]

You would have Wars, And I'll lead you forth  
In dangers, where the stoutest of you  
Shall be afraid to follow me.

*Caraz.* Great Prince, Lead us but forth,  
And never doubt our courage, for we  
Will either die, or conquer.  
The Pardon you've granted us, has so oblig'd us,  
That we confess, Great *Mahomet*  
Is as Gen'rous, as he's Just.

*Enter Justinianus, Honorius, and Souldiers,  
with their Swords drawn.*

*Just.* Who dares dispute it ?

[*To the Bassa's.*]

*Zog.* Not we, we do confess it.

*Just.* An if you did not,

I'd force you to confess it.

*Caly.* Sure these are those  
The Souldier spoke of.

[*Aside.*]

*Just.* Great *Sultan* ! wherein  
Can we now serve you ?

[*To the Sultan.*]

*Maho.* Brave Men, you've kept your word,  
And I'm beholding to you both for my life,  
And Empire, you need not now employ your Valour  
To reduce these Bassa's to Obedience.

[*From above to  
Just. and Hon.*]

M

They

They have promis'd me to return, and never more  
To be disloyal ; And on that promise  
I've pardon'd 'em their past Transgression :  
Stay but a little, and I'll come to you. *Exeunt Sult.*

*Must. carrying out the  
body of the Slave.*

*Just.* Ha ! What Ladie's that *Mustapha* carries out?  
'Tis like *Irena*.

*Hon.* 'Tis like her ; But 'tis not she,  
But who's e're she's, she's either dead or wounded :  
But here's the *Sultan*, he'll inform us.

*Enter Mahomet.*

*Just.* What Lady's that Great Sir,  
The *Bassa Mustapha* carried away but now,  
And that seems either dead, or wounded ?

*Mahomet.* Let me but send these away,  
And I'll inform you.

Go, and since you stir'd up the Souldiers to  
Rebellion, reduce 'em again to obedience,  
And settle all disorders.

*Caraz.* Our Diligence  
Shall manifest our Obedience.

[*Aside to Just.  
and Hon.  
To the Bassa's.*

*Exeunt Bassa's.*

*Maho.* Now I'll tell you who that woman was :  
You were no sooner gon, but word was brought me  
That the *Bassa's* had forc'd the Guards to yield  
And hunted up and down the Palace for *Irena*,  
Vowing, that if they found her, they would kill her.  
Imagine how this perplext me ; I knew  
You could not return so soon, and I knew  
Not how to keep the promise I had made you,  
Nor long to conceal *Irena* from their furie.  
At last I bethought me of this stratagem.  
Yesterday as I was looking out of a window  
Of the Palace, I espide a most beauteous slave,  
(And who methought resembled much *Irena*)  
For a notorious crime she had committed

Drag'd

Drag'd along to Execution.  
 The resemblance which (in my fancie) she  
 Had with *Irena*, mov'd me to suspend  
 The Execution, and command her back to prison.  
 And as *Irena's* danger then was great,  
 " The danger adding quickness to conceit,  
 I call'd to mind this slave.  
 And gave *Mustapha* command to disguise  
 Himself, and go and take the Key's of the  
 Prison from the Jaylor, and take from thence  
 The fair Slave, attire her like *Irena*,  
 And bring her to me. Thinking (as afterwards  
 It happen'd) that the Bassa's, who had seldome  
 (Or scarce ever) seen *Irena*, might be easily  
 Deceiv'd, and mistake the counterfeit, for  
 The true one; Hoping by this Slave's death,  
 (As you see 'tis happend) to appease their  
 Rebellion, And at once to save my Empire,  
 And *Irena's* Life.

*Just.* But *Irena*, and *Perinthia*,  
 Where are they?

*Mabo.* I was forc'd (to save 'em from the Souldiers  
 Furie) to conceal 'em in a Vault, in  
 The Garden. But I have sent *Mustapha*  
 To fetch 'em hither, and he'll strait be here.

*Just.* Come, Lets go meet 'em.

*Hon.* See, They're here.

## Act. V. Scen. III.

*Enter to 'em Mustapha, Irena, and Perinthia.*

*Maho.* Go to the Bassa's *Mustapha*, and see [To Must.  
If that their words do with effects agree.  
See if their Arms they have, as yet laid down,  
And if they've from disorders freed the Town. *Exit. Must.*

*Just.* Madam, you're safe I see, and now I must [To Irena.  
Confess, that Fortune is both kind, and just.

*Ire.* I'm safe 'tis true, But I'm perplext to know,  
That 'tis an others ruine makes me so.

*Mustapha* has related to me

The Slave's sad story ———

I pitie her sad Fate, that she should be

So miserable, to have dy'd for me.

Would it had lay'n in my pow'r

To have sav'd her life ———

*Just.* To recall what is past, is now too late :

I envie, not compassionate, her Fate.

*Maho.* I had no other way left to prevent

The Bassa's furie, or their dire intent.

She dy'd, the Empire, and your life to save ;

She had a Fate too glorious for a Slave.

*Hon.* Her death was requisite to save th' Empire ———

As things then stood, it was the only way

The *Sultan* had, their furie to allay.

*Ire.* Wer't not for that, it wou'd yet grieve me more,

If she had only dy'd upon my score.

*Maho.* Though Madam, now all seems to be appeas'd

And that I hope their furie now is ceas'd.

And though I'll shortly settle things so well,

That for the future they shall ne're rebell :

Yet for the present, as things stand, I must

Not give 'em the least cause for to mistrust

The cheat I've put upon 'em, that would be

A brave

Abrave pretext to be reveng'd on me.  
 To prevent this, Madam I must desire  
 That you'd be pleas'd for some-time to retire  
 From Court, whil'st I so settle all things here  
 That without danger you may then appear :  
 And though your absence will afflict my breast,  
 Yet I am forc'd to make you this request.

*Ire.* It is (Great Prince) as requisite, as due,  
 And 'tis the same I would have made to you.  
 I'll strait absent my self, without delay,  
 To prevent what might happen by my stay.  
 To your request, you see that I incline,  
 Be now as generous, and grant me mine.  
 And give me leave to go with *Justinianus*.

*Mabo.* Whither is it Madam you intend to go?

*Ire.* To *Italy* Great Sir, tis his intent  
 To carry me, if you please to consent.  
*Just.* We'll there conceal our names, that we may be  
 Both from suspicion, and discov'ry free.

*Ire.* The Basla's think me kill'd, and ne're shall know  
 To their delusion I my safety owe.

*Mabo.* Madam, although't be hard, and that my heart  
 With you, so soon, can scarce consent to part.  
 Yet your request I grant, for though 't be still  
 Against my self, I must obey your will.  
 Your absence too may be a means to cure  
 Me of those torments, which I still endure.  
 For though by gratitude my Lov's suppress,  
 Yet there remains some sparks within my breast.  
 Love is a flame, when kindl'd by your Eyes,  
 That is more lasting, nor so soon it dyes ;  
 Now I'm resolv'd to court the wars again,  
 And by diversion strive to cure my pain.

*Per.* Since to *Irena* you have bin so free,  
 Be pleas'd Great Prince to grant the like to me ;  
 And give me liberty to go with my *Honorius*.

*Mabo.* I'm to him so oblig'd, Madam, I grant  
 What you request ; But 'tis too small, I want.

Something that's fitter for his valiant deeds.

*Hon.* 'Tis a reward my Service far exceeds.

*Mabo.* But fair *Perinthia*, is't not true, confess,  
That brave *Honorius* does your Heart possess.

*Per.* His vertues (*Generous Sultan*) are so known,  
I need not blush that Passion for to own :

Nor do I think it merits an excuse,

Since 'tis his Vertues does my Love produce.

*Mabo.* Then Madam, give me leave for to bestow,  
What both of us to his great Merits ow :

And let me have the Honour to unite,

What to divide, Fate long has took delight,

Receive Brave-Man what's to your merits due,

[ *To Hon.*

'Tis a reward by Heav'n design'd for you.

Receive from me her hand, and for her heart,

[ *Presents her  
hand to him.*

You hear, already you enjoy that part.

*Hon.* Majestick *Sultan*, you've bestow'd that on me,

Which obliges me for ever to you.

Honour and Vertue equally do rest,

And find a Lodging in your gen'rous breast.

*Enter Mustapha.*

(*stand,*

*Must.* There's none (*Great Sultan*) dares your pow'r with-  
The Souldiers now obey what you command.

The Bassa's keep their promise, and allow

Those very actions, they condemn'd but now :

The Town is quiet, no disorder more,

And things are now just as they were before.

*Mabo.* I'm glad to hear, all is appeas'd so well,

But since 'twas Ease, that made 'em thus rebell,

*Peloponesus* I will strait invade,

And thence I'll lead 'em to besiege *Belgrade*.

But *Mustapha*, 'tis fitting you should be

Rewarded, for your so great Loyaltie :

The Visier's place is vacant, And 'tis due

That place should be supply'd by none but you :

Your merits do deserve it, And I here,

Of



Of all my Empire, make you Grand-Vifier.

*Muf.* What I have done, Duty oblig'd me to,  
Th' reward's too great for me, But worthy you.

*Maho.* Now *Justinianus*, Let me yet once more  
Bestow that on you, which I did before.

It is a gift can't be too often giv'n :

Can we receive blessings too oft from Heav'n ?

Here once more receive the fair *Irena*

From me.

[*Presents Irena  
to him.*]

*Iust.* And once more (upon my knees) I thank you,  
And must confess (Great Prince) as is most due,  
That all my happiness I ow to You.

*Ire.* *Irena* too (Brave *Sultan*) must confess,  
That 'tis to you, she owes her happiness.

In my esteem you alwayes had a part,  
Now next your Rivall, you possess my heart.

*Maho.* Since I enjoy that happiness, I will  
(Though not your Lover) be your Servant still :  
And he that rules the world, shall yield to you  
What's to your Vertue, and your Beautie due.

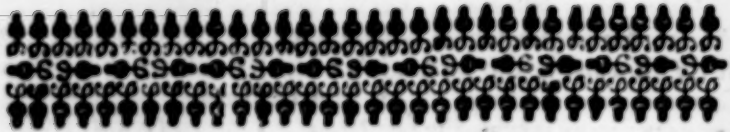
*Per.* May you still prosp'rous and successfull be, [To *Maho.*  
Because you've bin so gen'rous to me:

*Hon.* Your Vertues are so great, That busie Fame  
Shall now relate no wonders, but your name.

*Maho.* I lose my Mistris, but Fate makes amends,  
For what I lose in Love, I gain in friends,  
Fate has bin cruell, but at last we may,  
After a stormie, hope a glorious day.

*Exeunt omnes.*

The



## The Epilogue.

**T**HE Play now being ended, I am come,  
 Sent by the Author, for to know his doome :  
 Ladies 'tis to your Censure He'll submit,  
 And swears none else shall judge what he has writ.  
 He vow's that Priviledge is only due  
 To your fair Sex; He writ it to please you.  
 Yet he'd not have you think, 'tis his intent  
 To gain your Favours by a Complement.  
 He swears he's guilty, and convicted stands,  
 Till that his Pardon's sign'd by your fair hands.  
 You are his Judges, and if he be crost  
 Once by your Votes, his hope for ever's lost.  
 And though he hopes that you will think it fit  
 To pardon him, since that he does submit ;  
 Yet he still doubts, if he shall Pardon find,  
 Till that he hears it by your Hands is sign'd.

FINIS.

